Correspondence January - June 1882: Sarah Orne Jewett and her Circle

by

Sarah Orne Jewett

Edited by Terry Heller

Coe College

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Sarah Orne Jewett Press

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Cedar Rapids, IA 52402

Editorial Practice in Transcriptions

^ ^ : The author has inserted text.

abc : The author has deleted text.

[ ] : Editorial comments and descriptions.

{ } : Editorial insertions in pursuit of clarity.

Jewett's periods often appear as dashes, and also often are indistinguishable from commas. Where her intentions seem clear, I have placed commas and periods; when not sure I have given the dashes or included a note.

Like many of her correspondents, Jewett is not consistent in using other punctuation, especially apostrophes. I have presented words needing apostrophes as she and her correspondents present them.

As nearly as practical, these transcriptions mirror the appearance of the manuscripts. However, I cannot guarantee they are free of errors. Readers wishing for certainty when working with these letters should consult the manuscripts.

Internet Access to this text

The Internet Archive

and

Sarah Orne Jewett Text Project
https://www.sarahornejewett.org/soj/1-jewettpress/index-sojp.html

Sarah Orne Jewett's Principal Correspondents

This list includes people mentioned frequently in this volume. A more fully annotated "Key to Correspondents" appears in a separate volume and on the internet here:

https://www.sarahornejewett.org/soj/let/Corresp/1-persons.html

Most people mentioned in this volume are identified in that list.

Jewett's immediate family

Caroline Frances Perry Jewett (1820-1891), Jewett's mother.

Mary Rice Jewett (18 June 1847 - 28 September 1930), Jewett's older sister, often addressed as O.P.

Sarah Orne Jewett. Jewett's various nicknames appear often in these letters. She often signs herself Queen and Queen of Sheba or Sheby, and she is called Sadie, Pin, Pinny, Owl and Owlet.

Caroline (Carrie, Taddy) Augusta Jewett (1855-1897), Jewett's younger sister.

Others

Henry Mills Alden: (1836-1919), editor of *Harper's Magazine*.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich: (1836-1907), author and editor of *Atlantic Monthly*. Jewett also wrote often to his wife, **Lilian Woodman Aldrich** (1841-1927).

Mary Bucklin Davenport Claflin: (1825-1896), an early close friend and wife of Massachusetts politician William Claflin (1818-1905). She was the stepmother of **Emma Harding Claflin Ellis** (1841-1909).

Robert Collyer: (1823-1912), Unitarian clergyman and close friend of Fields and Jewett.

Annie Adams Fields: (1834-1915), author and eventually Jewett's domestic partner. Jewett often refers to her as A.F. During their travels in Europe during this year, Fields and Jewett were accompanied by Fields's Irish-born employee, **Liza / Lisa.**

Eben Norton Horsford: (1818-1893), American scientist. Jewett became friends with all of his family.

William Dean Howells: (1837-1920), novelist, critic, editor at *Atlantic Monthly*, a mentor to Jewett.

James Ripley Osgood: (1836-1892), publisher at what eventually became Houghton, Mifflin, Jewett's main publisher.

John Greenleaf Whittier: (1807-1892), American poet. Often called "Thy Friend."

In May 1882, Jewett and Fields embarked on a tour of Europe, visiting Ireland, England, Norway, Netherlands, Germany, Italy and France. In a letter of 27 June 1882, Jewett wrote to her sister Caroline Eastman about a delightful stay in Clovelly, Devonshire, UK. She included a photograph showing the party's hotel.

On the steps in the foreground is a donkey like the one Jewett describes as carrying their luggage.

Penciled on the back of this photograph: The place I put a mark by is one of our parlor windows ! ! !

[*See the X next to the second story balcony of the New Inn*.]

This photograph is from the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Mary Rice Jewett 1847-1930, recipient, 40 letters; 1877-1892 & n.d. Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (items 147-152).

January - June 1882

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett
Fragment

Monday night

[*1882-1883*]*

Dear Mary

…….Mr. Aldrich* sent to me this morning to hurry up some Contributors Club articles* I have been doing and so I put in and did no end of work between twelve and two. I don't believe I ever crammed so much into two short hours. I think the result was satisfactory. You can run a good deal faster when you are chased you know!

Notes

1882-1883: This tentative date is based upon Jewett's report that she has been working on a number of pieces for the *Atlantic's* Contributor's Club. See notes below.

Mr. Aldrich: Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Key to Correspondents.
*Contributors Club article*s: During Aldrich's editorship at *Atlantic*, Jewett's pieces in the Contributor's Club column appeared mainly between January 1882 and January 1884.

This text is from transcriptions from mixed repositories in the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, Undated Letters, Folder 75, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

John Greenleaf Whittier to Annie Adams Fields

Winthrop*

1st Mo 2, 1882

Dear Annie Fields

When our dear Sarah* was here this afternoon I told her of the new book I was reading. I have just finished, and as I understand her that you had not read it, I send it, for I am sure you will like it in the main.

[*Page 2*]

It is exactly in the line of our spiritualistic conversations, and reveals something of the Oriental marvels of mind-reading, trance, and the sleep of the body while the spiritual man goes abroad over the earth.

I have been intensely interested in the book, and hope you will read it with as much satisfaction as I have.

I was sorry to miss [of *?*] your [call *?*] yesterday. Will you not repeat it?

[*Page 3*]

Life is brief, and nothing is of any real value but love and friendship.

I am invited tomorrow evening to go to the [annual *?*] social meeting of [Ja Freeman Clarkes *?*]:* and if my cold will let me I think I shall go. Are not thee & Sarah also of the good man's disciples?

Ever affectionately

John G. Whittier

Notes

Winthrop: The Winthrop Hotel on Bowdoin Street in Boston was quiet and inexpensive.
Whittier's handwriting in the manuscript seems more than usually hurried, with uncrossed Ts and shortened spellings that often require guessing at his intentions.

Sarah: Sarah Orne Jewett. Key to Correspondents.

Ja Freeman Clarkes: Whittier's handwriting is virtually unreadable here, but "Clarkes" is fairly clear, the guess of "Ja Freeman" sort of fits the two preceding words. The American activist clergyman and author, James Freeman Clarke (1810-1888) was at this time minister of the Church of the Disciples in Boston. Many New England churches held social meetings, sometimes once each year.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields collection: mss FI 71-4686.

Celia Thaxter to Annie Adams Fields

K. P.* [Jan. *corrected*] 3rd (82

My dear Annie:

Thanks & always thanks for all you send me. I sent a note to you this A. M. This aft. we get a mail,* a ton! Ask the little owl* if she has been asked to write a love poem for the New Illustrated Weekly Journal in Philadelphia — I

have! Bismillah! Oscar Wilde* has written one ^in it^. Who will dare enter the field with him. Now Heaven save the mark!

I have been making a horses-blanket all day long, out of old pieces of carpet that have been

[*Page 2*]

lying about the stable — not the most savory occupation, not exactly conducive to meditation upon love poems. As the lady Angela* says in Patience "O Sir, leave us; our minds are but ill attuned to light love-talk!" The owlet will appreciate this reminiscence of our [favorite *corrected*] —

Yes, dear, it was all right about the trunk: did you not get my note telling you I would [have *corrected*] it sent for & asking you to be so kind as to let the messenger bear it off? I did so write: but another time will send line as you say.

John & Roland* left us for the city this [morning *?*] — John thought he should be back Thursday, so if you

[*Page 3*]

please, Annie dearest, do not send after Wednesday here —

I thank you so much for all your notes & enclosures & sweet kindnesses — Kiss the blinking beloved owl for me & believe me ever & always your

C.

Notes

K.P.: Kittery Point, ME.

mail: Thaxter appears to have placed both a period and a comma after this word.

owl: Thaxter is using intimate nicknames shared among Jewett, Fields and herself. Owl and Pinny are Sarah Orne Jewett. Key to Correspondents.

Bismillah! Oscar Wilde: Bismillah is an Arabic phrase meaning: "In the name of God," also the opening phrase of the *Qur'an*.

Oscar Fingal O'Flahertie Wills Wilde (1854-1900) was an Irish poet and playwright. In the 1880s, he was known mainly as a poet.

Neither Thaxter nor Jewett is currently known to have published in the *New Illustrated Weekly*.

Angela: Lady Angela is a character in *Patience*, a comic opera by W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan. "The opera is a satire on the aesthetic movement of the 1870s and '80s in England and, more broadly, on fads, superficiality, vanity, hypocrisy and pretentiousness; it also satirizes romantic love, rural simplicity and military bluster." The quotation comes from Act 1.

John and Roland: Thaxter's middle and youngest sons. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Boston Public Library, Rare Books Department, Celia Thaxter correspondence with Annie Fields, 1869-1893, MS C.1.38 Box 2 Folder 2 (174-190).

Celia Thaxter to Annie Adams Fields

K.P. 5th Jan. [*1882*]*

You have been so kind to write, dear Annie, & I thank you so much for all — We could not reach the P.O. at all yesterday, but day before I sent, & wrote to you to please not forward any more letters, for I hope to be on my way to town tomorrow. By & bye, if you wish, dear Annie, I will gladly return to you —— [*apparently random mark. perhaps a*)]

The thermometer is 16° below zero this morning, here. The Atlantic ocean which so "disappointed" poor Mr Oscar Wilde,* is a sight to be seen, like a plain of white cotton batting, with a column of vapor erect here & there, like the ghost in Hamlet,* — these shaggy breathings of the waves so veil the coast that the fog-horn keeps up incessant hoots (saving the Owl's* presence.) of warning, which don't seem to belong to the bitterly clear & cloudless day. Poor Karl* & I are very comfortable, keeping house all alone. We are burning the whole deck of the schooner Coral,* tough oak that makes a mighty heat.

Ever, dear white flower, your

C.

[*On the back of page 1*]

For the White Flower.

Notes

K.P.: Kittery Point, ME.

This date is based upon Thaxter's report of the U.S. tour of Oscar Wilde. See notes below.

Oscar Wilde: Oscar Fingal O'Flahertie Wills Wilde (1854-1900) was an Irish poet and playwright. In the 1880s, he was known mainly as a poet.

Wilde visited the United States in January 1882. Quarantined over night on the SS *Arizona* in New York harbor on 2 January, he remarked in an interview that the Atlantic had disappointed him because it was so tame. This line made headlines in the days before Thaxter composed her letter.

ghost in Hamlet: Thaxter refers to *Hamlet*, by British playwright, William Shakespeare (1564-1616). The ghost of Hamlet's father first appears in Act I.

Owl: Thaxter is using intimate nicknames shared among Jewett, Fields and herself. Owl is Jewett; Flower is Fields; Sandpiper is Thaxter. Key to Correspondents.

Karl: Thaxter's disabled eldest son.

Schooner Coral: According to the Portland *Daily Press* of 15 June 1881, p. 4, a schooner named *Coral* was wrecked near the Isles of the Shoals in June 1881.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Boston Public Library, Rare Books Department, Celia Thaxter correspondence with Annie Fields, 1869-1893, MS C.1.38 Box 2 Folder 3 (191-209).

Sarah Wyman Whitman to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*15 January 1882*]*

My dear Miss Jewett:

I want very much that you should come and lunch with me — is there any day when you could do this? On Thursday at half past one? &

[*Page 2*]

would you be so good as to tell me if I might ask Mrs. Fields? I should be so glad if by any chance she felt like coming. Then I would ask no one else if she preferred.

[But *?*]

[*Page 3*]

if this is not convenient then some other day.

I hope it may be possible for you: &

I am

faithfully yours

Sarah W Whitman

77 Mt. Vernon St. Jany. 15.

Notes

15 January 1882: It seems clear that when Whitman composed this letter, she was not yet well-acquainted with Jewett. By the end of 1883, she corresponded easily and intimately with Jewett. It is likely, then, that this letter comes from the year following the death of James T. Fields (April 1881), as Jewett and Fields were beginning to establish the friendship that lasted until Jewett's death in 1909. However, it is possible that this letter comes from the following year.

Associated with this letter is an envelope — lacking stamp and cancellation — addressed to Miss Jewett at 148 Charles Street.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Whitman, Sarah (Wyman) 1842-1904. 92 letters; [1884]-[1903] & [n.d.] Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Sarah Orne Jewett additional correspondence, 1868-1930. MS Am 1743.1 - 107.

Celia Thaxter to Annie Adams Fields

Kittery Point. Jan. 27th (82

Dear Annie:

I am to take my poor boy* to town ^if he will go^ & find some small hotel where I can keep him as quietly as possible for a few weeks till we can find some person to take charge of him & keep him at some steady work, for he is very capable & can do many things very well — He is as well now as ever, as sane as any one, but the wild & unfortunate fit of passion which made him dangerous might occur again, & so he must [be *corrected*] taken away from here — I have feared all the time, I having been in terror lest this very thing should happen — It is a sore trial —

I will see you at once when I come. I hope Mrs Titcomb* did not forget to bring the note I left with her for you when the telegram came Wednesday night — And I hope it wasnt asking too much about the china — And I hope you are well, dear, & the sweet owl.* And I send my love with the saddest heart in the world.

Your C.

[*Page 2*]

Of course nothing is settled & I may not be able to carry out the plan of going to town. But I will let you know whatever does happen — If

any letters come for me within the next week, will you kindly forward them here & oblige your faithful

C.

Notes

poor boy: Karl is Thaxter's oldest, disabled son. Key to Correspondents.

Mrs Titcomb: Lucy Thaxter Titcomb (1818-1908) was a sister of Thaxter's husband, Levi Thaxter.

owl: Thaxter is using intimate nicknames shared among Jewett, Fields and herself. Owl is Jewett. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Boston Public Library, Rare Books Department, Celia Thaxter correspondence with Annie Fields, 1869-1893, MS C.1.38 Box 2 Folder 2 (174-190).

Celia Thaxter to Annie Adams Fields
Fragment

[*Before 30 January 1882*]*

I have had three letters from you, dear, since I wrote. I thank you for your wish to comfort me about poor Karl. But no one can imagine what it is — & just now I cannot talk about it — Next time, perhaps. It is an awful weight of wretchedness, but as we are

[*Page 2*]

"in this world for discipline & not for happiness,"* it has got to be borne, I suppose. Every body must drag some weight.

———

I am afraid the way to the P. office will get blocked up — but Eliot* must get home tomorrow, some way, & will take this. Goodnight, dear Annie, I am yours always from the long past through the long future —

C.T.

Notes

Fragment: This part of a letter consists of a half page torn away and then pasted to the top of the following page, to form a single page.

It concerns Karl, Thaxter's oldest, disabled son. Thaxter's letter to Fields of 27 January 1882 reports that his behavior has become so erratic that she must bring him to Boston to be placed under special care, a move she would consider only in the most desperate circumstances. While it is not certain that this fragment follows the 27 January letter, this is a reasonable guess. See Thaxter to Fields of 30 January, when she reports that Karl seems fully recovered.

happiness: The source of Thaxter's quotation is not known, though the idea appears frequently in religious and inspirational writing.

Eliot: This may be is a Harvard friend of Thaxter's youngest son, Roland. Charles Eliot (1859-1897) became a landscape architect, notable for his work on the Boston public park system and playing a role in establishing Arcadia National Park.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Boston Public Library, Rare Books Department, Celia Thaxter correspondence with Annie Fields, 1869-1893, MS C.1.38 Box 2 Folder 3 (191-209).

Celia Thaxter to Annie Adams Fields

K. P. Jan. 30th (82*

My dearest Annie:

How glad I was to see your handwriting tonight!

My dear darling, I must hear all about Concord* for unhappy time to come, perhaps — I am anxious to know, for I had not heard of it — But now K.* is perfectly sane & sensible{ — } it was only a wild gust of ungovernable wrath that made his brother afraid & sent him out of the house to telegraph to us, leaving two men here in case they were needed — Poor K. was crushed with grief & regret after it — it is just what I have been dreading & fearing all the time, some wild outburst like that,* in which he would not know what he said or did. Mr T.* has found

2

rooms for us at the Winthrop house* & we are going to try it for awhile — it is the best thing to do for him to take him straight out of this place (— I shall tell you all about it when I see you —) & occupy his mind with new thoughts & impressions. It is only an experiment — if it doesn't work, I must try something else — At first I thought I would stay here with them the rest of the winter, but now it is plain to see that I had best bring him away & leave my poor hard-working patiently-striving John at least free from this trouble. I thought when I wrote to you at first that it was all hopeless & despairing — but as

Mr T. says, it is no case for any institution yet tho' it may develop into such, & the best thing we can do at

3

present, as far as we can see, is this.

Ah me — It is a weary world —

I am half sick with a cold caught coming down here that miserable day — have hardly been ~~able~~ able to lift up my head all these days — But we are to go to town & take up our quarters on Thursday next at the Winthrop House & try it: up in a sparrow's nest under the eaves where I can have [my *corrected*] work & keep at it, more like a fiend than ever. Thank you so much for sending my china. I've no doubt it is all right. Kiss my Sarah* for me & loving you both & thanking you always, dearest, for your always ready kindness, I am

Your

C.T.

Notes

K.P.: Kittery Point, ME.

Concord: Perhaps Thaxter refers to the declining health of their mutual friend, American poet and philosopher Ralph Waldo Emerson, who died on 27 April 1882 in Concord, MA. Key to Correspondents.

However, it is possible that Fields has suggested that Thaxter consider the New Hampshire Hospital in Concord, NH as a place for Karl, who has recently had a psychiatric episode.

K.: Karl was Thaxter's eldest, disabled son.

Later in the letter, she mentions her middle son, John, who resided at Kittery Point. Key to Correspondents.

that,: While Thaxter probably intended a comma here, her actual mark is unclear.

Mr T.: Thaxter's husband, Levi Thaxter. Key to Correspondents.

Winthrop house: EKC, the original transcriber of this letter, identifies this as Winthrop House, on Bowdoin Street in Boston, a quiet and inexpensive hotel used by John Greenleaf Whittier and other literary visitors to Boston.

Sarah: Sarah Orne Jewett. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Boston Public Library, Rare Books Department, Celia Thaxter correspondence with Annie Fields, 1869-1893, MS C.1.38 Box 2 Folder 2 (174-190).

Sarah Orne Jewett to Emma Harding Claflin Ellis

148 Charles St

31 January 1882

[*Letterhead design of SOJ initials superimposed over each other.*]

Dear Mrs. Ellis

I have meant to write you every day but in the first place I could find out little about Mary's* plans, and even now I am not very certain. She thinks that she shall go to

[*Page 2*]

Newark about the middle of February and I should ^think^ the first fortnight in March would be an excellent time to appoint for her dwelling in 15th St. So may I trouble you to put out an anchor to wind'ard for me, at the house you

[*Page 3*]

wrote me about? I want Mary to stay away through as much of the bad weather as possible and I hope she will go on a regular racket.

I think that you will be amused at finding that I am still in town, but Mrs. Fields* seemed to wish so much that I

[*Page 4*]

would not go away that I have only been out of this dear house for a day or two at a time. Beside I was so glad to be here and it really has been the best place for I have not been well. The weather has used me up a good deal, and I know that the longer I kept away from Berwick the better.

[*Page 5 with the letterhead repeated*]

Although I wish so much to see them all at home I really dread going back. I am shut up enough here, but I am able to get out very little there in winter and spring weather.

However!

I have been writing a little lately{,} mostly in the line of Contributor

[*Page 6*]

Club sketches for the Atlantic* — And I read and have beautiful good times with Mrs. Fields. Cora Rice* is here a good deal and we see each other every day or two, and my other cronies are more friendly than ever.

[*Page 7*]

I think Boston [*unrecognized word*] so pleasant. Tonight Mrs. Lodge* and I are going to view Oscar Wilde* sorely against our principles!

Haven't seen Mrs. Claflin* for a few days, but Mr. Whittier* spent most of yesterday

[*Page 8*]

morning with us and reported that he was very well and very busy. Mrs. Fields sends you her love and is sorry she did not see you.

Yours always lovingly with kind regards to Mr. Ellis —

'Little Sarah'

Notes

Mary: Mary Rice Jewett. Key to Correspondents.

Mrs. Fields: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

Atlantic: The "Contributor's Club" column in *Atlantic Monthly* consisted of short anonymous essays by regular contributors to the magazine. In 1882, Jewett may have provided as many as five pieces for this column. She claimed authorship of just one, "The Color Cure," which appeared in March. Richard Cary attributes four others to her: "Good Society Novels" January; "Pleasant Rooms" April; "Deplorable Improvements" (June); and "Woodland Mysteries" (July).

Cora Rice: Cora Clark Rice. Key to Correspondents.

Mrs. Lodge: Mary Greenwood Lodge. Key to Correspondents.

Oscar Wilde: During his 1882 tour of the United States, the Irish author, Oscar Wilde, lectured on "The English Renaissance" in Boston on 31 January.

Mrs. Claflin: Mary Bucklin Davenport Claflin. Key to Correspondents.

Mr. Whittier: John Greenleaf Whittier. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by Rutherford B. Hayes Presidential Center in the Governor William and Mary Claflin Papers, GA-9, Box 4, Miscellaneous Folder J.

Sarah Orne Jewett to John Greenleaf Whittier

South Berwick 16 February

[*1882*]*

Dear Mr. Whittier

I have missed you very much — it has been so great a pleasure to see you often and I was always wishing that it would happen that we were neighbours — Since I came home on Monday, I have not done much except thinking about the things I have done lately — but I hope to begin a story

[*Page 2*]

before many days go by —

— I wonder if you have gone back to Danvers? I venture to send this to Boston for Mrs. Fields* tells me that you [were *corrected*] in town yesterday — and that your brother* has been ill — I am very sorry — for I know you will be worried and sad. I wish that I could do some little things for you, but after all I suppose

[*Page 3*]

it would not do for us to live each other's lives — & though we wish with all our hearts to take away the troubles of the people we love it would be anything but kindness.

I have not read The Year 13* yet: I have not felt exactly like reading — for I am like a boat that is coming round into the wind to start on another tack — and I have to drift a little first! I took up Warner's Life of Irving* for a half hour last

[*Page 4*]

night and I liked it very much. I wonder if you have read it? Give my love to Mrs. Claflin and the Governor.* I hope you have seen M^{rs} Fields again. You dont know how much I have missed her —

My sister* went away this morning and I was sorry for myself but I am glad for her sake{.} I know she will have so much pleasure — — You do not know how much love I send to you — always when I think of you, and now there is more than ever before{.}

Yours always sincerely Sarah Jewett

Notes

1882: Richard Cary assigned this date, which must be close, after the 1881 publication of Warner's Washington Irving biography and before the 1883 death of William Whittier. See notes below.

Fields: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

brother: Richard Cary notes:

> Matthew Franklin Whittier (1812-1883), never a robust man, spent his middle years in Portland, then took a position in the Boston Custom House. He published a series of caustically humorous anti-slavery letters under a pseudonym. At this time John wrote to Miss Jewett: "My brother has been very ill, but is now somewhat, though I fear not permanently, better. The last of our family, he is a kind, unselfish man, whose way of life has been hard and difficult." (Pickard, II, 676.)

[*See the whole letter below, 18 February*.]

13: German novelist Fritz Reuter authored *In the Year '13: A Tale of Mecklenburg Life* (1860, in German as *Ut de Franzosentid*). Cary notes: "... translated by Charles Lee Lewes. The best-known edition was the Tauchnitz (1867) but there were numerous later reprintings, such as the G. Munro (New York, 1878). The book gives many vivid pictures of Franco-German confrontation in the Napoleonic era, rendered in Reuter's local dialect, Platt-Deutsch." Wikipedia.

Irving: Charles Dudley Warner. Key to Correspondents. His *Washington Irving* appeared in 1881.

Governor: Cary points out that Whittier often stayed with Mary Davenport Claflin and William Claflin, governor of Massachusetts, 1869-1871. Key to Correspondents.

sister: Mary Rice Jewett. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Phillips Library at Peabody Essex Museum / Phillips Library, Salem, MA. A previous transcription by Richard Cary appears in "'Yours Always Lovingly': Sarah Orne Jewett to John Greenleaf Whittier," *Essex Institute Historical Collections* 107 (1971): 412-50. New transcription and notes.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett
Fragment

[*Feb. 17, 1882*]*

Thursday evening

Dear Mary

Do you know that John* didn't buy you a ticket at all, but gave you one he had, for a send-off. I think it was enough to crack anybody's heart! Goodnight dear O.P. Give my love to your beloved hostesses — and I wish I were just flying in at the window.

Yours ever

S. O. J

Notes

1882: With this transcription appears this note: [So. Berwick, Me., Feb. 17, 1882.]

The meaning of these brackets is not known; hence it is unknown how this letter was dated. In other transcriptions, it appears such information comes from an accompanying envelope.

John: Probably John Tucker. Key to Correspondents.

This text is from transcriptions from mixed repositories, Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, folder 63, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

John Greenleaf Whittier to Sarah Orne Jewett

Danvers [2d Mo *?*] 18 1882

My dear Friend,

I wonder how I can reconcile myself to the old, customary life here, after my pleasant stay in Boston, and our delightful companionship there. I cannot make thee understand how grateful and refreshing it all was, and how

[*Page 2*]

much I thank thee for it. I did not leave the city until Thursday morning. My brother* has been very ill, but is now somewhat, though I fear not permanently, better. The last of our family he is a kind unselfish man, whose way of life has been hard, and difficult. For the last 15 years he

[*Page 3*]

has been connected with the Naval Office in Boston.

I was glad to get thy letter: it was so good of thee to send it! I hope thee will not hurry about writing; there is time enough before thee; and I am sure thee need a little country rest and sleep after thy city life & folk-seeing. I did not call on dear Annie Fields* again, though

[*Page 4*]

{I} should have been glad to do it, for I never see her without a feeling of thankfulness ~~that~~ for such a rare, beautiful soul, and the privilege of being her friend.

I shall probably go to Boston for a few days early in March, & after that visit Amesbury.

I must tell ^thee^ how much I have enjoyed that queer, good Vicar of Hermanstow.* I have seen nothing so good for a long time. For it, & for how much more, I thank thee, God bless thee!

Ever with love thy friend

John G. Whittier

Notes

my brother: Whittier's brother, Matthew, died on 7 January 1883.

Annie Fields: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

Vicar of Hermanstow: Richard Cary notes the misspelling here and identifies S. Baring-Gould, *The Vicar of Morwenstow: A Life of Robert Stephen Hawker, M.A.* New York, 1880.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the South Berwick Public Library, South Berwick, ME.

Transcription by John Richardson. A transcriber's note reads: "Most of this letter appears in Pickard, II, 676." This would be the second volume of Samuel T. Pickard's *Life and Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier*.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Adams Fields
Fragment

Thursday evening

nineteenth of February [*1882*]*

I have just finished Warners Irving* and I like it dearly — I wish we could have read it together — some of the chapters at any rate — I am delighted with this last one — though I liked it as much as I could when I saw it before in the Atlantic — Dont you remember how good the very last pages are? I like Mr. Warner better and

[*Page 2*]

better and there is something to be thankful for in the honest manliness and the humor and sentiment of this book. He speaks in such a cordial way of Irving's humor and sentiment that one is the more glad to praise him for the same gifts and graces.*

— Dear darling I did not make myself sure about the second little letter, so when it came tonight I [though *intending* thought] it was very nice

[*Page 3*]

of you! I have not been getting on very well without you, and I had to hear from you just as often as I could. I have been in almost as stiff and crooked a state as I was after the horseback expedition to Corey Hill,* but I think the worst of this little scud has blown over and I shall be a great deal better by tomorrow. I wanted an armful of little books dreadfully sometimes and I thinked and thinked about them! and I am

[*Page 4*]

sure you know [*deleted letters*] just as well this minute, as if I could really put my head in your lap and tease you as you sit at your desk — It is just like being with you still — I believe every thing ^of me^ but my boots and clothes, and the five little stones and the rest of the things in my pocket, and the hairpin — all goes back to Charles St.* and stays with you half a day at a time — [*a mark looking like begin and end parentheses superimposed*] Perhaps you wish you could have the

[*Apparently a missing page or more*]

[*Up the left margin and then across the top margin in page 1*]

(Please give my love to Miss Willard.* I am so glad you told me what she said{.} I care a great deal for it but I cant think I desired it altogether. Sometimes a word like that is a great help and pleasure isnt it?

Notes

1882: This speculative date is supported by the fact that Jewett reports reading C. D. Warner's Washington Irving biography, about which she wrote in another letter from February 1882. See notes below.

Warners Irving: Charles Dudley Warner (see Key to Correspondents) published his biography of the American author Washington Irving in

1881. Jewett reports reading it in another letter of 1882, 16 February to J. G. Whittier.

gifts and graces: See the Bible, Romans 12:6-8.

Corey Hill: Possibly Corey Hill or the Great Hill in Brookline, MA, a park with a notable view.

Charles St.: Fields's Boston residence at 148 Charles St.

Miss Willard: This sentence opens with a begin parenthesis mark, which may be in another hand. There is no corresponding end parenthesis.

Miss Willard has not been identified, but it is likely she is a cousin of Annie Fields, Helen/Nelly Willard (1838-1920), daughter of Eliza Adams (1795-1881) and Simon Willard (1795-1874).

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Annie Fields (Adams) 1834-1915, recipient. 194 letters; 1877-1909 & [n.d.] Sarah Orne Jewett correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett

[*South Berwick, Me., Feb. 20, 1882*]*

Monday afternoon

Dear Mary

I have just been out a little while but the wind was so raw and chilly that I put back into port and went in to dwell with Uncle William.* I found him as steadyminded as usual and very pleasant and we gossiped amiably until I was obliged to depart. I did not go to church yesterday — for it was snowing most of the day. Cousin Charlotte* turned out however and made me a call on her way home. Carrie* was down this morning for a little while, and Mother received a visit from the baby yesterday. I was so much amused last night. Ann* came in to say she had thought she would take her walks abroad and go as far as the cop-house. I immediately racked my brains to think what branch of the Copp family* could be friends of hers — but it turned out she was heading for the wake of a Duffy girl,* and it was the corpse-house she mentioned! though I was too stupid to understand. We were very glad to get your letter and the postal card this morning. I had been wondering if you would get to the ferry-house in time to meet Hetta* — but wasn't it nice you should have met Dr. Swan? Did he have anything to say about the Gates's?* I had a very pleasant letter from Cora this morning. She said she met Grace at a lunch party and thought she seemed pretty well again. She has been at Cambridge with Georgie.* Georgie herself spent yesterday with Cora and they went to Trinity but Mr. McVickar preached.* Mrs. Field's letter was uncommon long and lovely, and she had Miss Phelps* a spending Sunday with her, and was properly solemnized in consequence. I have been reading a good deal since you went away and I hope to begin to write some time this week but I don't know. I think I should like to fall asleep for a month or two, and I am pretty sure my society wouldn't be much loss. The dogs and birds are well and I have borne with your clock so far! You don't know how often I think of you, and you must remember everything that happens to tell me! which makes me think of the woman who said to her child Be absolutely perfect, that's all I ask!*

Give ever so much love to Miss Ward and Hetta and much for yourself goes in this letter and I hope it won't spill out. My kindest remembrances to Mrs. Ward and Miss Hayes* if she is still there — so no more at present from yours with esteem

the Queen.*

Notes

1882: The transcriber includes this note with the transcription: [South Berwick, Me., Feb. 20, 1882, SOJ to MRJ c/o Rev. W. H. Ward, Abington Ave., Newark, N.J.].

Uncle William: William Durham Jewett. Key to Correspondents.

Cousin Charlotte: Richard Cary says in notes to an 1872 letter: "Elisha Hanson Jewett (1816-1883), first cousin of Miss Jewett's father, was a prominent railroad and building contractor, a bank director and state senator from South Berwick. His first wife, also named Sarah Orne Jewett, was the daughter of his uncle and business associate. His current wife was Charlotte Tilton Cross."

Carrie ... the baby: Caroline Eastman Jewett and her son, Theodore. Key to Correspondents.

Ann ... Copp family: Ann is presumably an Irish employee, but she has not been identified with certainty. Nor is there information yet available about the Copp family of South Berwick, though Copp's Hill Burying Ground in Boston would have been familiar to the Jewett sisters.

Duffy girl: The identity of this person who died in February 1882 in South Berwick has not been determined.

Hetta: Jewett expects Mary to see members of the Ward family: Miss Susan Hayes Ward, her brother William Hayes Ward, and their sister, Hetta. Key to Correspondents.

Dr. Swan ... the Gates's: There is some possibility that Mary has met a well-known New York homeopathic physician, Dr. Samuel Swan (1814-1893). To which Gates family Jewett refers also cannot be known easily. She records writing a letter to Vattie Gates in her diary of 15 January 1869. This seems likely to have been Vashiti / Vashti Gates (1848-1925), daughter of Ephraim Church Gates and Vashiti / Vashti Randall Pickins of Calais, ME. She married Bradley Llewellyn Eaton (1850-1937) in 1872. The "Find a Grave" pages for this couple offer a good deal of information about their families.

Or perhaps, Jewett refers to the popular novel by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, *The Gates Ajar* (1868), returning to a previous conversation. Key to Correspondents.

Cora ... Grace ... Georgie:Cora Clark Rice, Grace Gordon who married Jacob Treadwell Walden, and Georgina Halliburton. Key to Correspondents.

but Mr. McVickar preached: The tone of possible disappointment in this statement may result from the expectation that the popular Phillips Brooks (1835-1893) would have preached. He was rector of Trinity Church (Episcopalian) Boston from 1869 until he became Bishop of Massachusetts in 1891. Mr. McVickar's identity is not certain, but probably this is William N. McVickar (1843-1910), who in 1897 became Bishop of Rhode Island. At the time of this letter, he was rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity in Philadelphia. It is not clear why he would be preaching in Boston, except as a guest.

Mrs. Field's ... Miss Phelps: Annie Adams Fields and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward. Key to Correspondents.

all I ask: This quotation is from a novel by Harriet Waters Preston (1836-1911), *Love in the Nineteenth Century* (1873) p. 11.

Mrs. Ward and Miss Hayes: The identities of these people are not easily determined. William Hayes Ward's wife and mother both had died before the date of this letter. The Hayes family was large and prominent in South Berwick, as suggested by the Ward families' middle names, but the identity of this "Miss Hayes" is not yet known.

the Queen: Among her immediate family, Jewett accepted the nickname, the Queen of Sheba (sometimes Sheby). She often referred to herself and signed her letters with variants of this title. In the Bible (Kings 10 and Chronicles 9), the rich Queen of Sheba visits King Solomon to "prove" his famed wisdom.

This text is from transcriptions from mixed repositories, Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, folder 63, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Sarah Orne Jewett to John Greenleaf Whittier

[*Letterhead, top left, in red ink of initials SOJ superimposed*.]

South Berwick

21 February 1882

Dear Mr. Whittier

Don't think that you must answer this letter — if I thought I gave you a bit of trouble I should be so sorry! — But I am a very near relation* of yours now, you know; and I like to have something to do with you and just now, sending a letter is the only way — I cant

[*Page 2*]

say how glad I was to hear from you this morning — It was like being with you again for a few minutes, and to tell the truth I have been wishing that I could put myself back into the midst of those days in Boston — I have missed Mrs. Fields so much! I fairly long to see her again and [it seems *corrected*] a month instead of a week since I came away — I hear from her very often and that is a great pleasure —

[*Page 3*]

but every letter makes me wish all the more to be close beside her — I think you know better than most people can how dearly I love her — for you know how well worth the best love in the world she is — I could not love her any better now, but I shall by and by — as fast as I grow better myself — I do not believe you begin to know how much she cares for you; she so often spoke of you in the most loving and tender way, and she was always a great deal happier after

[*Page 4*]

she had seen you — I am so glad that you are to be in Boston again early in March and I have already made a plot to go down for a day and night, and perhaps we will have another twelve o'clock breakfast, and tell some new ghost stories, and be otherwise dismal!

My sister Mary* went to New York within a few days after I came home and she is having the best of good times and will not

[*Page 5, with letterhead*]

be at home for a month yet, but if my mother is very well I do not see why I cannot go away for a little visit — I am very lonely here at this time of the year — for I am always used up by the weather, and have to stay indoors, and I grow dull and sad in spite of myself. I dont mean to fret, and I do love my home and cling to it more and more fondly every year, but I hardly ever feel very well all through the winter, and

[*Page 6*]

like to be [where *corrected*] the outside life helps me to forget myself. — — I brought some books down with me, some of my own and some that I brought from the bookshelves in Charles St. and they keep me company. But it has been one of the times when I have cared for people more than for books, and found that a cold sheet of printed paper did not make up for a voice I like to listen for, or

[*Page 7*]

a hand I like to get hold of — I wish to do some writing as soon as I can but somehow I have not [liked *corrected*] the thought of it yet — You will say I need a bright red room to stay in, and will recommend my own prescriptions in The Colour Cure* — Did you see that bit of The Contributors Club for March? I wrote it and Mrs. Fields laughed over it a good deal which was satisfaction enough, wasn't it?

[*Page 8*]

— I can look out of your windows at Danvers now and see the tall Norway spruces shouldering all the snow they can get hold of — There are some that look like them at the side of the house here — but we are shut into the village and cannot look off across the fields — You must give my kind remembrances to your household, and tell Phebe* that I expect to be taken out in style with her dog team. My dog Roger is very well and was glad when I came home — Goodbye dear friend — and I am yours most lovingly. S. O. J.

Notes

relation: Richard Cary noted: "In letters to Mrs. Fields (at Huntington Library) Whittier had referred to Miss Jewett as his 'adopted daughter.'" See Annie Adams Fields in Key to Correspondents.
Mary: Mary Rice Jewett. Key to Correspondents.

Phebe: Richard Cary noted: "Phebe Woodman Grantham was the adopted daughter of Whittier's cousin Abby J. Woodman. In her childhood she lived at Oak Knoll and was the object of much affection by Whittier, who wrote the poem 'Red Riding Hood' for her."

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Phillips Library at the Peabody Essex Museum / Phillips Library, Salem, MA. A previous transcription by Richard Cary appears in "'Yours Always Lovingly': Sarah Orne Jewett to John Greenleaf Whittier," *Essex Institute Historical Collections* 107 (1971): 412-50. New transcription and notes.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Louise Chandler Moulton

South Berwick Maine

22 February

[*1882*]*

[*Letterhead with superimposed initials,* SOJ]

My dear Mrs. Moulton

I am afraid you have been thinking me both rude and unkind, but your little note came just before I was to leave town, and then I was ill, and since I came home I have been ill again, and I have felt very unlike writing.

[*Page 2*]

I wish I could have seen you, but I shall be in town again in April and you will not have gone away I hope? I thought of you while you were the other side of the sea, and I hoped that you were stronger and better

[*Page 3*]

than when you went away in the spring — It is a great puzzle to me of late, why we should be given a certain sort of work to do and be made

ready for it, only to be told to lay it down! But all our puzzles will look very simple and easy

[*Page 4*]

to be solved by and by wont they?

I am sure you are finding Boston pleasant? I hated to come away for I never have been happier there, although my illness made me miss a good many things — I send you a thousand good wishes and thank you so much for the kind little notes. I am so sorry I did not see you.

Yours sincerely

Sarah O. Jewett.

Notes

1882: With this letter is a matching envelope addressed to 28 Rutland Square, Boston, and cancelled February 23, 1882 in South Berwick, ME.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Library of Congress in the Louise Chandler Moulton papers, 1852-1908. MSS33787. This transcription is from a microfilm copy of the manuscript, on Reel 8 of Microfilm 18,869-15N-15P.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett
Fragment

[*Feb. 23, 1882*]*

Thursday 23rd

Dear Mary

. . . . . Did you send me those beautiful Japanese stout little bowwows?* They came from New York — like Mrs. Claflin's* that I have adored for some years? I love them more than I can tell. I should hug whoever did send them. Good-by with love to Miss Ward and Hetta* — and no end for yourself —

from the Queen.

Notes

1882: The transcriber includes this note with the transcription: [So. Ber. Me. Feb. 23, 1882,
SOJ to MRJ, c/o Dr. Ward, Abington Ave, Newark, N.J.]

Japanese ... bowwows: One might guess that Jewett refers to ornamental dogs.

Mrs. Claflin's: Mary Bucklin Davenport Claflin. Key to Correspondents.

Miss Ward and Hetta: Miss Susan Hayes Ward and her sister, Hetta. Key to Correspondents.

This text is from transcriptions from mixed repositories, Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, folder 63, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Celia Thaxter to Sarah Orne Jewett

[Mr. Howes *?*].* Feb. 23rd

(82

My dearest owl:* if I had written all the notes I have thought to you since you flitted, there would been a whole company of soft white moths aflutter around you the livelong time, a snowstorm of notes — But alack, alack, I gasp for breath, I am so hurried. I have been working a week on Alice Howe's* elaborate bowl & had it 'most done. Yesterday went into Somerville to see poor Ovidia* leaving it to dry on top stove as always did, & lo, it went off, it [burst *?*] with a terrible explosion most scared poor K.* to death, he sitting here alone, keeping house, reading. Got to do it all over, but dont mind — only wish had more time.

[*Page 2*]

Flower came too which was gone, too bad! Went to dine with Flower other night. She was dear. But we both want Owl — Quawked about owl a good deal. Hope owl and Flower will go cross water in Spring. O my! how lovely to think of — must do it!

Hope owl is untwisted of pains. Quawks love to owl across the nasty snow all time. Eva V. B.* spent aft. with Sandpiper. Nice. Karl & I going to have type-writer — he thinks he can write all my letters then & copy all mss. Write again soon, Sweet owl. Leaves windy always open for dear fluffy owl, & any moths she may send to wander this way — Loves owl, oh cant tell how much & is her breathless

Sandpiper.

Notes

Howe's: This transcription is uncertain. Thaxter usually resided in Kittery Point, NH, but during part of the winter of 1882, she and Karl stayed for a while in Boston. Perhaps she was visiting at Alice Greenwood Howe's Boston residence when she wrote this letter. See notes below.

owl: Owl (Jewett), Flower (Annie Adams Fields) and Sandpiper are nicknames the three used with each other. Key to Correspondents.

Alice Howe's: Alice Greenwood Howe. Key to Correspondents. Thaxter supplemented her income by hand-painting china to order.

Ovidia: Ovidia was one of Thaxter's Norwegian immigrant friends, living permanently on the Isles of the Shoals. Like several members of her family, she suffered from severe mental illness and was institutionalized in the asylum at Somerville, MA. See also Norma Mandel, *Beyond the Garden Gate* pp. 80-3.

K: Karl, Thaxter's eldest son, who was disabled and lived with Thaxter throughout her life.

Eva V. B.: Baroness Eva von Blomberg. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. MS Am 1743, Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Additional Correspondence Series: IV. 2 letters to Sarah Orne Jewett from various correspondents, (102) Box 2.

Annie Adams Fields to John Greenleaf Whittier

Feb. 24. '82. Boston

148 Charles St

Dear Mr. Whittier:

This is not a letter to be answered! It is only a "good morning" and to tell you how I miss the thought of your being nearby and the happy chances of seeing you! I hope the ink=bottle arrived safely in Danvers and is already filling your ink=stand, daily, [and *corrected*] satisfactorily.

I find there are two things I want to say! The first about your new poem "At Last" which

[*2*]

when Celia Thaxter* came a day or two ago, I re=read with her. "How dear and near it makes him seem to us," she said!

Those "hands familiar" beckoning us seem indeed enough — all we need and all we ask. For the rest we can trust and be at peace.

I find a good deal of feeling still existing about the publication of

[*3*]

Mrs Child's letters.* The books appear to be ready, at least I am told so and waiting in the hope of an introduction from your hand.

I wonder if this is just so for I am sure [*deletion*] no one living has the material for such an introduction more closely at heart than you and I really wish we

[*4*]

might have the book.

I find myself looking over the Danvers landscape with you and thinking many thoughts!

Dear friend! How glad I shall be to have you and our dear Sarah Jewett* again in Boston.

Affectionately and gratefully yours

Annie Fields.

Notes

"At Last": Whittier's poem appeared in *Atlantic Monthly* 49 (March 1882), pp. 874-5. In the poem, Whittier speaks of the necessity of waiting until after death to communicate with the beloved dead.

Celia Thaxter: Key to Correspondents.

Child's letters: American activist Lydia Maria Francis Child (1802-1880), author of "Over the River and Through the Woods." *Letters of Lydia Maria Child* appeared in 1882, edited by Harriet Sewall with an introduction by Whittier.

Jewett: Sarah Orne Jewett. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. Pickard-Whittier papers: MS Am 1844. Box 2, Item 122. Fields, Annie (Adams) 1834-1915. 61 letters; 1873-1892.

John Greenleaf Whittier to Annie Adams Fields

Danvers 2nd Mo 25 1882

Dear Annie Fields

Though thee says thy letter is not to be answered, I must just say it was exceedingly welcome, and that I thank thee for it.

I wish I could have heard thee read my verses in the Atlantic.* They would ^have^* seemed more to me ever after.

[*Page 2*]

The letters of Mrs Child* are not yet arranged fully, and there seems some doubt about their readiness for publication until next fall. Miss Parsons* niece of Mrs C. has been ill and is doubtful of her ability to do the work, and ^has^ requested Mrs Sewall to ask Col Higginson to do it. I do not know whether he will answer. [For *?*] myself at Mrs Sewall's request, I [*unrecognized word*] to write a brief

[*Page 3*]

introduction, partly biographical. I cannot get all the facts I need, but shall try to do something, though at great disadvantage. I wish Mrs. Sewall could feel like taking the matter in her own hands. She [would *?*] know more about the dear, poor woman than anybody else.

I hope thee are not quite alone, though I scarcely know who could supply the place of our friend Sarah Jewett.* I hope when I visit Boston

[*Page 4*]

again, I shall find her with thee. In the mean time I shall think of thee as busy in the Lord's work. I am always, with affection & gratitude, thy friend.

John G. Whittier

Notes

verses in the Atlantic: Whittier's "At Last" appeared in the March 1882 *Atlantic Monthly*, pp. 874-5.

^*have*^: This insertion is in a different ink, and may be by a different hand. Whittier's handwriting in this manuscript seems more than usually hurried, with a number of shortened spellings that often require guessing at his intentions.

Mrs Child: Whittier refers to his partnering with others to produce *Letters of Lydia Maria Child* (1883). Lydia Maria Francis Child (1802-1880) was an American abolitionist, civil rights activist, novelist, and journalist.

Whittier's partners in the editing enterprise included reformer and activist Wendell Phillips (1811-1884) and Harriet Winslow Sewall (1819-1889), poet and second wife of American reformer, Samuel Edmund Sewall (1799-1888). Mrs. Sewall is credited with most of the editorial work.

Miss Parsons: Sarah Maria Parsons was Child's niece and correspondent. Little more has yet been learned about her. Colonel Higginson is Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Key to Correspondents.

Sarah Jewett: Sarah Orne Jewett. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields collection: mss FI 71-4811.

Sarah Orne Jewett to John Greenleaf Whittier

[*Letterhead upper left of page 1, the initials SOJ superimposed.*]

South Berwick

Thursday evening

[*February-March 1882*]*

Dear Mr. Whittier:

If my mother is quite well and everything is all right here I think I shall spend Sunday in Boston. But please don't tell Mrs. Fields if you see her, for

[*Page 2*]

I have set my heart on surprising her. I shall be in all day (unless we go to church at four o'clock.) ——

I have been hoping that I should see you, and wondering if this was not the time for you to be in town too! I have not

[*Page 3*]

finished The Year 13* — but you see, I looked at it and found it was so good that I would not read it until I was sure the right time had come — And when I did begin it I was interrupted.

— My friend Mrs. Rice* has been staying with me and we have had such a good time together! and

[*Page 4*]

yesterday when she went home I went with her as far as Exeter to see my grandfather* and did not get home until this afternoon — I wonder if I shall ever be ninety-three years old and as chirpy as he is!

— I do not say anything about the summer plan* because I want to talk about it and a letter is no good —

Yours always most lovingly,

Sarah

Notes

1882: This date is provided by Richard Cary. He notes that Jewett and Annie Adams Fields were planning their first trip to Europe together during the coming summer. Key to Correspondents.

The Year 13: Jewett refers to German novelist, Fritz Reuter (1810-1874.) *In the Year '13: Tale of Mecklenburg Life*, which had been published in English translation in 1867. Wikipedia. The German publication was *Ut de Franzosentid* (1860).

Rice: Cora Clark Rice. Key to Correspondents.

grandfather: Dr. William Perry. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Phillips Library at Peabody Essex Museum / Phillips Library, Salem, MA. A previous transcription by Richard Cary appears in "'Yours Always Lovingly': Sarah Orne Jewett to John Greenleaf Whittier," *Essex Institute Historical Collections* 107 (1971): 412-50. New transcription and notes.

John Greenleaf Whittier to Sarah Orne Jewett

63 Mt Vernon St

14' .) [*1882*]*

My Dear Friend

I have just got thy note. I have made arrangements to stay here through the week, so that I may have the pleasure of seeing thee, possibly, before I leave. I am glad thee like the Year 13.* The slow, quaint Dutch humor of it is sometimes [irresistable *so spelled*]. Thine always,

John G Whittier

Notes

1882: In a letter to Whittier of 16 February 1882, Jewett says she has not yet read *In the Year '13*. The letter seems to follow Jewett's to Whittier of Thursday evening [February-March 1882]. The 3 marks after "14" are difficult to make out and are rendered here as they appear.

the Year 13: Whittier refers to Fritz Reuter (1810-1874) *In the Year '13: Tale of Mecklenburg Life*, which had been published in English translation in 1867.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the South Berwick Public Library, South Berwick, ME.

Transcription by John Richardson.

Robert Collyer to Annie Adams Fields

New York March 1st 1882

Dear Friend

I shall venture to retain the Letter you sent me if I may and put it among the family archives.* The paper was written right out of my heart because I was so glad for the beautiful bit of work you had done and "because he was most noble and a king"* and I loved him as I have only loved one man besides in all my life and he also is among the immortals.

You must come some day and see us. It is too short a tether you have made for your life now, and now and then you must let it out a knot or two and make other places glad beside Boston & Manchester. And some day before this young gentleman gets the ring on my Annie's finger* I want her to come and see you for a few days because it will be so good for her and so pleasant.

Yours always

Robert Collyer

Notes

archives: Collyer omits many periods in this letter. I have supplied them wherever they seem necessary.

king: Collyer quotes these lines from an unidentified poem in his sermon, "Vines and Branches," the first in his collection, *The Life that Now Is* (1871).

In Annie Fields's memoir of her husband, James T. Fields, she quotes Collyer's tribute letter, sent after Mr. Fields's death:

> He was the dearest friend I had on earth outside my home .... I have been thinking of the great host of men and women to whom he was as sunshine and as all that is most welcome in our human life .... We are all rich through the treasure he gave us out of his heart, the great, gentle, sunny heart which was so true. The work he has done in this world is quite unique and all good. We cannot say better of it than time will say. Just such a man was needed, and needed just where he was and when he came. God's

blessing be forever on him for his work's sake. (p. 265).

Annie's finger: Collyer probably refers to the expected engagement of his daughter, Annie. It appears, however that she never married. See Collyer in Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields Papers and Addenda Box 10: mss Fl 1-5637.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett

Thursday afternoon

[*2 March 1882*]*

Dear Mary

Cora* and I have been to Carrie's* to dinner and I meant to send you a letter by the two o'clock mail but somehow I forgot it until I was up there and it was raining & too late. Mother departed for Exeter at ten — She was going today at any rate she said; and hearing of Mrs — Tarleton's* death of course made her more anxious to get there, thinking that Aunty* might

[*2*]

go away today — It was very sad to think of the poor woman's dying, away from all her friends wasn't it? Mrs. Fiske* said there was nothing in the telegram except that she had died suddenly and Will* took the afternoon train and went right on. She said that he had a note from Mrs. T. the first of the week and she was in her usual health then — Mother

[*3*]

took ~~the~~ a little trunk and thought she might stay some days, so I am glad to have Cora here, not that sister is afraid to stay alone however.

— It has been pouring since yesterday until a little while ago and the snow is going very fast indeed. I went in to see Uncle William* a little while ago and he was lively. You would laugh to see the way that Jack goes round with John Tucker* — they cannot bear

[*4*]

to part! Sister hasn't much news — but she kindly sends her love to Mrs. Ellis* and yourself. Mother wished me to tell you that she has written to Mrs. Beamis* and sister kept forgetting to mention that she has had pretty pussy willows for some days, that she [found *?*] from the Junction road. So no more at present from your very affectionate Queen of Sheby.

Notes

2 March 1882: This date is based upon the death date of Sarah Fiske Tarlton on Tuesday 28 February 1882. See notes below.

Cora: Cora Clark Rice. Key to Correspondents.

Carrie: Carrie Jewett Eastman. Key to Correspondents.

Mrs — Tarleton: Sarah Walker Fiske (20 September [1813 or 1814] - 28 February 1882) was a sister of Francis Allen Fisk (1818-1887), who married Jewett's maternal aunt, Abigail Gilman Perry (1824-1868). Note that whether the surname ends in "e" seems an arbitrary choice among family members.

Sarah Walker Fiske married James [Monroe or Madison] Tarlton (1809-1880), a businessman who served as U.S. Consul at Melbourne, Australia, 1854-1860.

She apparently died in Manhattan, NY.

Sources vary on a number of details. See Wood & Torbert Families, *The Fiske Family* (pp. 59-62) and History of Plymouth, New Hampshire (p. 668).

Aunty: Probably, this is Lucretia Morse Fisk Perry, sister to Jewett's mother and Abigail Gilman Perry. See note above on Mrs. Tarlton. Key to Correspondents.

Mrs. Fiske: It is possible that this is the wife of one of Francis and Abigail's sons. John Taylor Fiske (1866-1940) married Mary Amelia Lillie (1862-1946). Frank W. Fiske (1861-1886) married Abby (1862-1947). The Fiske/Fisk family resided mainly in Concord, NH.

Will: Probably this is William Perry Fiske (1853-1914), son of Francis Allen Fiske (1819-1887) and Abigail Gilman Perry (1824-1868). He apparently did not marry.

Uncle William: William Durham Jewett. Key to Correspondents.

Jack ... John Tucker: Though Jewett appears to have written "Jack," it is possible she wrote "Jock." She is not yet known to have owned a dog named "Jack," but "Jock" the dog is mentioned in some of her other letters. For John Tucker, Key to Correspondents.

Mrs. Ellis: Emma Harding Claflin Ellis. Key to Correspondents.

Mrs. Beamis: This person has not been mentioned in other Jewett letters. Without more clues, she cannot be identified.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the University of New England Maine Women Writers Collection: Jewett Correspondence MWWC0196_02_00_128_01. New transcription and notes.

Mary Barrell to Sarah Orne Jewett

York March 2nd 1882

Dear friend

It has been my intention to write you for a long time* I find in my mind to write you ~~to~~ this morning to ask you why your long silence how your health is, and where and how you have spent the cold stormy winter I sent you an almanac the first of January not hearing from you I concluded you were from home. M^{r} Freeman* brought in a paper last evening ^mentioning^ you were going to travel the coming season It did not say either by sea or land. [In *?*] society many go to Europe, we think you will make one of their number. You must write and tell us all about yourself. How are your mother and sisters, any more little boys or girls to call you aunts. Did Mifs Breiton* return home! It looks very dreary now, but the lower part of the Town is fast-filling up with houses — Two Boston ladies are going to have a

[*Page 2*]

house built the [oposite *so spelled*] side of the river near the Bridge M^{r} Freeman has been in York the most of the winter he thinks of leaving soon I will send his kind regards to you. We do not know as Mrs Lawrence* or her friends are coming to York or not she was in Washington the last of the week Betsey* [joines *so spelled*] with me in much love to you, your mother, and sister you must write us soon and tell us all about yourself How is Mrs Rice?* give Betsey and my love to her. The weather is dark and snowy. If you do not leave before the weather becomes warm and pleasant you must ride down and see us

Ever think of me with the same affection

I bear to you

Mary Barrell.

Notes

time: Barrell uses little punctuation in her letter. I have chosen to give her text as near as I can to how she wrote it, leaving the reader to punctuate as seems helpful.

Jewett and Annie Adams Fields sailed for Europe near the end of May 1882.

Freeman: Mr. Freeman has not yet been identified.

Breiton: This transcription is uncertain, and this person has not yet been identified.

Mrs. Lawrence: This person has not yet been identified.

Betsey: Elizabeth Barrell, Mary Barrell's sister. Key to Correspondents.

Mrs Rice: Probably Core Lee Clark Rice. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence I, Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett. Barrell, Mary. 1 letter; 1882, bMS Am 1743 (17).

Associated with this letter is an envelope addressed to Jewett in South Berwick, stamped "Missent" and "Forwarded," cancelled on 27 March, with "1882" handwritten above the addressee.

This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, Box 2, Folder 99, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett

[*Mar. 3, 1882*]

Dear O. P.*

We are going on as usual and I haven't much to tell you, only I know from experience how nice it is to hear that everything is going on all straight. Mother wrote this morning that she found Grandpa nicely, and that Aunty and Fanny were going to Concord last night so I suppose the funeral is today.* It seems very forlorn some how or other, and yet death is far less forlorn than a lonely life that seems a little adrift and uncertain. I always feel as if there were a great deal better chance in the next world for such people than there can be in this. I think Mother was quite stirred up about it — and I dare say it brought back a good deal to her.

Notes

1882: The transcriber includes this note with the transcription: [South Berwick, Me., Mar. 3, 1882, SOJ to MRJ, c/o C. W. Ellis, Esq., 250 East 15th St., N.Y.C.] This would indicate that Mary is visiting at the home of Emma Harding Claflin Ellis. Key to Correspondents.

Grandpa ... Aunty and Fanny ... Concord ... funeral: Grandpa is Dr. William Perry; Aunty should be Lucretia Morse Fisk Perry, daughter-in-law of her grandfather; Fanny would be her daughter, Frances F. Perry. Key to Correspondents.

See Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett of 2 March 1882 for information about the funeral of Sarah Fiske Tarlton.

This text is from transcriptions from mixed repositories, Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, folder 63, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett
Fragment

[*March 6, 1882*]*

Sunday afternoon

Dear Mary

……Mar seems in excellent health but is at present at Taddy's,* so there is no message. She has now returned and sends her love in which Cora and I join. Love to Missis Ellis.* I hope you will indulge her and yourself in some pretty show this week so no more at present from yours with esteem

The Queen of Sheby

Notes

1882: The transcriber includes this note with the transcription: [South Berwick, Me., March 6, 1882, SOJ to MRJ at Mrs. Cushman's, 128 E. 16th St., N.Y.C.]

Mar ... Taddy's: Mar is an occasional nickname for the Jewett sisters' mother, Caroline. Taddy is Caroline Jewett Eastman. Key to Correspondents.

Cora ... Missis Ellis: Cora Clark Rice and Emma Harding Claflin Ellis. Key to Correspondents.

This text is from transcriptions from mixed repositories, Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, folder 63, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Adams Fields
Fragment

[*March 1882*]*

that I am going too — I grow more and more sure that Mother will think it all right. Mary* said so ——

I have been out for a little drive and what do you think I found but some pussy willow half in bloom! So I must [send *corrected*] you some to put in water until they fluff out entirely — I had another letter from Whittier* today. I was almost sorry I had written him when I first saw it, but not afterward — Sunday would have been such a short day if I had been with you — darling! [*inserted bottom right three unrecognized words* ___ __ excused *?*]

[*Page 2*]

think of it under the circumstances! and at any rate it [is *corrected*] just as well for me to be here on a day when the reliable John* takes his walks abroad. After Cora* goes I will try to go to you for a day — I think we ought to be talking over no end of [business *corrected*] affairs, and studying our geographies — Darling I didn't mean to suggest that you shouldn't say that <u>you</u> are going to foreign parts! — but that it might be kept as much as possible to ourselves for the present

[*Manuscript breaks off. No signature.*]

Notes

March 1882: This fragment seems to belong with other letters between Jewett and Fields as they began planning their first European trip together in early 1882.

Mary: Mary Rice Jewett. Key to Correspondents.

Whittier: John Greenleaf Whittier. Key to Correspondents.

John: John Tucker. Key to Correspondents.

Cora: Cora Clark Rice. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Annie Fields (Adams) 1834-1915, recipient. 194 letters; 1877-1909 & [n.d.] Sarah Orne Jewett correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

Sarah Orne Jewett to Lilian Woodman Aldrich

Tuesday morning [*March 1882*]

Dear Lilian

Every day I am disappointed because I cannot get to see you, but I have had a great Manchester cold ever since I came from home a fortnight ago, [at *?*] first I am a little better and then a good deal [worse *corrected*]! I get on pretty well when I dont go out, but that is disastrous in itself! And I complain more about

[*Page 2*]

you really than I do about me! — I am so* sorry every day to think what a bad winter this has been for you. Please give my love to Mrs. Richardson* and I do hope that the change of homes will work a charm for her.

You and I may see each other under strange skies before long. A.F.* says that you are the one person who knows our (not very well

[*Page 3*]

settled) plans. I have only told my sister Mary* this week, and she approves so highly that I feel now as if there really were plans. We are waiting for a letter today to tell us many things about the journey. I am so glad to have kept it secret — as Mrs. Bell* once said — "The minute you say you are going you are gone!" Please

[*Page 4*]

give my love and goodbye to the boys and to dear T.B.* We are agreed that he never had been so charming and so delightful as that night at dinner! Everybody has come back & said so!

Yours most affectionately

S. O. J.

Notes

March 1882: While this date is speculative, it has some support. Jewett seems to refer to a major upcoming trip during which she anticipates spending time with the Aldriches. In March of 1882, she was anticipating her first trip to Europe with Annie Fields and seeing the Aldriches there. Also, Jewett refers to the Aldrich "boys" as living at home. In 1882, they turned 14.

so: Jewett underlines this word twice.

Mrs. Richardson: According to George Carey's "The Rise and Fall of Elmore," "William Richardson, known to his intimates as “Will Dear” ... had made a small fortune when he invented the clothing snap, the popular forerunner of the zipper, and with some of his money he built Seawoods [in Tenant's Harbor, ME], a 13-room house that faced the ocean. Richardson’s sister-in-law married Thomas Bailey Aldrich, the editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, and soon his large rambling cottage, The Crags just to the north of Seawoods, was drawing to Elmore such literary luminaries as Mark Twain and Sarah Orne Jewett."

Unfortunately, little additional or corroborating information has been discovered.

A.F.: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

Mary: Mary Rice Jewett. Key to Correspondents.

Mrs. Bell: Probably Helen Choate Bell. Key to Correspondents.

T.B.: Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Key to Correspondents. The Aldriches' twin sons, Talbot and Charles were born in 1868.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. Thomas Baily Aldrich Papers, 119 letters of Thomas Bailey and Lilian Woodman Aldrich, 1837-1926. MS Am 1429 (117).

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett
Fragment

March 7, 1882

Tuesday

Dear O. P.*

Do you know that Mother seems as pleased as Punch* about my going. Somebody in Exeter had heard about Mrs. Fields* and inquired why I didn't go with her, and Mar was evidently hoping I would! I haven't heard her say a word that made me think she really felt bad about it. Sister sails the 24th of May in the Scythia from New York* — and tell Mrs. Ellis* that I hope she will console me at the last moment.

Notes

1882: The transcriber includes this note with the transcription: [South Berwick, Me., Mar. 7, 1882. SOJ to MRJ, c/o C. W. Ellis, Esq., 250 E. 15th St., N.Y.C.]

pleased as Punch: The character, Mr. Punch, of "Punch and Judy" puppet shows, though he behaves outrageously, typically triumphs over adversity in the end, and so is pleased with his final situation.

Mrs Fields: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

New York: Jewett and Fields sailed from New York to England on 24 May 1882.

Mrs. Ellis: Emma Harding Claflin Ellis. Key to Correspondents.

This text is from transcriptions from mixed repositories, Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, folder 63, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Lilian Woodman Aldrich

[*Letterhead in red, top left, initials SOJ superimposed*]

South - Berwick

7 March 1882

Dear Duchess*

I am moved to write you today, but I haven't anything to say that ^it^ is worth your while to read! I should have enough to say though if we were together and I wish very much I could get hold of you!

[*Page 2*]

The plans for the flitting across the water* get on famously, and I grow more interested every day. I see more and more clearly that it is the very best thing for me, and I hope to come home in the fall [*deleted words*] good for something both to my friends and myself! I think Mrs. Fields* and I will have a most lovely time together and we mean to stay as long in

[*Page 3*]

a place as we can and not try to do too much travelling. I am deeply interested in the account of your French studies! It is exactly what I ought to be doing myself, but I hate studying — and I must get on as best I can. I think it must be a great pleasure to 'Adolph'* ———

Cora Rice* has been with me for a week and you dont know how much I have enjoyed her. I think it is the very pleasantest time

[*Page 4*]

we ever had together and that is saying a great deal.

— I think I shall go to Boston for a night within a week or two — I do not believe that I can stay away longer just now — but I wish to talk over things with Mrs. Fields. You dont know how much I have missed her! —

— I hope you will give my love to your [household *corrected*] of faith.

— Did you have a good time in New York? and how are Tal and Charley?* Did Mr. Aldrich find that the splinters of the Club*

[*Up the left margin of page 1*]

would be any use? I was so mad because I forgot to sign the telegram 'Sadie'!* Good bye dear Duchess — Cora sends love -

Yours always

S. O. J.

Notes

Duchess: Lilian Woodman and her husband, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, were affectionately nicknamed among their friends as the Duchess and Duke of Ponkapog.

flitting across the water: Jewett and Fields sailed from New York to England on 24 May 1882.

Mrs Fields: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

'Adolph': This reference remains mysterious, though he may have been an Aldrich family pet or employee.

Cora Rice: Cora Clark Rice. Key to Correspondents.

Tal and Charley: The Aldriches' twin sons, Talbot and Charles were born in 1868.

splinters of the Club: Perhaps Jewett refers to the Contributors' Club column in *Atlantic Monthly*. She may refer to one her own pieces for that column. Richard Cary believes she was the author of "Woodland Mysteries," which appeared anonymously in July 1882.

Sadie: Sadie Martinot, after the American actress of that name, was a nickname for Jewett with the Aldriches. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. Thomas Baily Aldrich Papers,

119 letters of Thomas Bailey and Lilian Woodman Aldrich, 1837-1926. MS Am 1429 (117).

Robert Collyer to Annie Adams Fields

New York March 10, 1882

Dear Friend

We will wait until you get back and have all the leisure you want.* There is not the least hurry. I dont think she* has said aye aye sir yet, but of course she will one of these days and then we shall know the worst which is also the best. Annie has gone west to stay with Emma five or six weeks. Their mother goes to Colorado to see her boys and her grand boy Norman.

Give the kind regards of this household to Miss Annie Thackeray as was and tell her we all want her to tell some more stories. And if you should stumble on Bolton Abbey call and see Mrs Anna Williams* at the pretty cottage covered with roses and

[*Page 2*]

and say I told you how glad she will be to see any friend of mine.

With a blessing on the journey

Yours

Robert Collyer

NB. A few days about Bolton Abbey and the woods and moors will be as the very gates of heaven to the writer of Deephaven.* The Brontës* haunted the place but that was after my day. Dear me if you do not go to Yorkshire whats the use of going to England. That is England and the exact centre of England is Bolton & Ilkley six miles down the river.

Notes

want: Collyer omits many periods in this letter. I have supplied them wherever they seem necessary.

she: Collyer probably refers to the expected engagement of his daughter, Annie. It appears, however that she never married. See Collyer in Key to Correspondents.

Anna Williams: Fields and Jewett did not report a visit to Bolton Abbey or to Mrs. Williams during their 1882 travels in England. However, they did meet British novelist Anne Isabella Thackeray, Lady Ritchie (1837-1919).

Collyer mentions both Anna & Hannah Williams in other letters. Perhaps they are the same person. Little is yet known of Hannah Williams, but she apparently was an acquaintance of his family in West Yorkshire. She is mentioned in *Old Yorkshire* (1881) edited by William Smith, with an introduction by Robert Collyer.

Deephaven: Sarah Orne Jewett. Key to Correspondents. Her first novel, *Deephaven*, appeared in 1877.

The Brontës: The Brontë family of Yorkshire included the three famous authors, Charlotte (1816-1855), Emily (1818-1848), and Anne (1820-1849).

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields Papers and Addenda Box 10: mss Fl 1-5637.

John Greenleaf Whittier to Annie Adams Fields

[*Composed on decorative hotel letterhead containing this information: Quincy House, J. W. Johnson & Co., Proprietors. Cor. Brattle Street and Brattle Square. A date line reads "Boston" followed by a line for the specific date, then "188_"*]

Boston 10th, 3d Mo 1882*

My dear Mrs Fields

I meant to have mentioned to thee the [Reason *?*] of this note{,} Mrs [Perry *or* Percy *?*],* who is very anxious to get some situation where she can earn a livelihood. She is of excellent family, her father Mr Edwards was a former proprietor of the Portland Daily Advertiser. She married a young lawyer Mr ??? who died, leaving her [somewhat *?*] destitute. My niece Mrs Pickard* knows her well & that she is a very capable and [*deleted letters*] worthy young woman. Is there no place for her!*

[*Page 2*]

She is ready & willing to take any honest work to do. She will tell thee what she can do, & if thee can find her any advice or aid, I shall be more than ever gratefully & lovingly thy friend

John G. Whittier

Notes

Perry or Percy: This transcription is uncertain, and the name could be Penny or any of several other possibilities. The woman has not yet been identified.

Two brothers in the printing business, John Edwards (1802-1886) and William Eustis Edwards (1804-1877), were owners of the Portland *Advertiser* during the 1820s to 50s (See *Maine Library Bulletin* v. 1-6, p. 52). It appears that William Edwards had only one child, a son, making it likely that John Edwards was the father of the woman Whittier wishes to aid. However, information about these families at this time is too sketchy to rely upon.

her!: Whittier seems to have written an exclamation point, but perhaps it really is a question mark.

Mrs Pickard: Richard Cary says that Elizabeth Hussey (1843-1909) was the daughter of Whittier's brother Matthew and namesake of his sister. She married Samuel T. Pickard, editor of the Portland *Transcript* and, later, biographer of Whittier.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields collection: mss FI 71-4837.

John Greenleaf Whittier to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*Embossed letterhead is a* W *with a* C *intertwined*]*

63 Mt Vernon St

Monday a.m.

[*Postmark: Boston Mar 12 1882*]

My dear friend,

I have just seen dear Mrs. Fields* who tells me that thy mother is unwell. Of course, much as we want to see thee, we cannot ask thee to come if thy presence at home is really needed. I ought to be at Danvers to attend to some writing which I

[*Page 2, back side of the embossed page 1*]

can only do there; but I shall stay here until I find that we cannot expect thee this week; and, if I have to leave without seeing thee, I shall insist on thy spending a day with me at Amesbury, the last of this month or the first of April. But Mrs F. & I hope to see thee in Boston some day this week.

I suppose the bluebirds have got to South Berwick, by this time.

[*Page 3*]

They were busy welcoming the pussy willows & the first tiny green blades of our reluctant spring, when I left Danvers.

G. W. Claflin thinks of going to Washington tomorrow, and I shall be left alone save Mrs Freeland. We miss Mrs Claflin* greatly. Always, and most heartily thy friend

John G. Whittier

Notes

Letterhead: The letterhead probably belongs to William Claflin.

Mrs Field: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

G. W. Claflin ... Mrs. Claflin: Governor William Claflin and his wife, Mary Bucklin Davenport Claflin. Key to Correspondents.

Mrs. Freeland: This person remains as yet unknown. Mrs. Claflin's mother was Mary Sophia Freeland (1802-1868), so Mrs. Freeland may be a relative.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the South Berwick Public Library, South Berwick, ME.

Transcription by John Richardson.

John Greenleaf Whittier to Sarah Orne Jewett

63 Mt Vernon St

Boston 12th 3d Mo.

1882

My dear Friend

Sarah O. Jewett

I was disappointed by thy telegram last night, as I anticipated the great pleasure of seeing thee to-day.

But, I hope I shall see thee yet; and to that end shall stay here a few days longer. My niece has gone back to Portland, and Mrs. Claflin is at Washington and the Gov is in Bache{-}

[*Page 2*]

lor quarters, and I am keeping him company. I wish thee was here.

Mrs Fields* called at the Quincy House,* day before yesterday. She was not as usual on her errands of mercy. If I was a painter I should take her as a model of an angel, — a true ministering spirit. She will be lonely today for lack of thee.

I shall expect to hear of thy arrival sometime this week — as early as Wednesday I hope.

Ever affectionately thy friend

John G. Whittier

Notes

Mrs. Claflin .. the Gov: Governor William Claflin and his wife, Mary Bucklin Davenport Claflin. Key to Correspondents.

Mrs. Fields: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents. Fields's errands of mercy usually were for the Associated Charities of Boston.

Quincy House: A major Boston hotel during the 19th century, at the corner of Brattle Street and Brattle Square.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the South Berwick Public Library, South Berwick, ME.

Transcription by John Richardson.

Sarah Orne Jewett to John Greenleaf Whittier

South Berwick — Monday

[*13 March 1882*]*

Dear Mr. Whittier

I was obliged to give up my plan for spending Sunday in Boston because my mother was ill — and I am sorry to say that she is not well enough yet for me to leave her, though she is much better today.

— I am more grieved than

[*Page 2*]

I can tell you, to lose the chance of seeing you, and there were a good many other things which seemed to make it necessary for me to go to town for a day or two. I am afraid that I cannot get away before Thursday but possibly on Wednesday — I shall

[*Page 3*]

surely see you before Mrs. Fields* and I go away, but I wish to see you twice! and three times! and four times ——

I was so glad to get your letter this morning. I believe it is only you who can say the right things of Mrs. Fields and even you can never say

[*Page 4*]

too much —

Berwick is all deep snowdrifts and deeper mud; — you ought to be glad that you are living on the top of that nice dry hill* but I do hope that you and Gov^{r} Claflin* are behaving very well, so you will not get scolded when Mrs. Claflin gets home!

Yours lovingly

S.O.J.

Notes

1882: Richard Cary dates this letter in February or March of 1882, but it seems clearly to have been written after Jewett received Whittier's first and perhaps his second 12 March 1882 letter.

Mrs. Fields: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

hill: Cary notes:

> Whittier's house was in fact near the foot of Po Hill in Amesbury. Abbreviated from Powow, site of former Indian nocturnal ceremonials, it was a landmark for craft that sailed up Newburyport harbor. Whittier refers to the hill in "Abram Morrison," "Miriam," and "Cobbler Keezar's Vision."

Govr. Claflin: See Mary Bucklin Davenport Claflin in Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Phillips Library at Peabody Essex Museum / Phillips Library, Salem, MA. A previous transcription by Richard Cary appears in "'Yours Always Lovingly': Sarah Orne Jewett to John Greenleaf Whittier," *Essex Institute Historical Collections* 107 (1971): 412-50. New transcription and notes.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Lilian Woodman Aldrich

Tuesday

[*March 1882*]*

Oh my dearest Duchess*

I cant begin to write the Ki-zis that I say to myself and have been saying ever since I got

your letter. It didn't reach me until yesterday as Mr. Aldrich will tell you, and isn't it going to be the pleasantest summer that ever followed a melancholy spring!* Of course we will keep company! We are going to Norway about

[*Page 2*]

the 10th or 15th of June — thinking it will be much better to go right on with Mrs. Ole* for protector. And we shall return to London the first of July or certainly within the first week, just in ~~the~~ time to meet you and have some larks. It seems to be growing pleasanter every day! The [*deleted letters*] Princess* thinks she is going to make a truly royal progress and one of Queen Elizabeths Expeditions* will be nothing

[*Page 3*]

to it! I feel better already for I began to think I was too tired to go on with the same things much longer. I know you and I will be worth a thousand times more to [ourselves *apparently corrected from* ourselfs] and our friends when we come back in the fall — I cant begin to tell you how glad I am you are going, dear. It was [*deleted word*] the most harrowing agony not to be able to tell Mrs. Fields and I was reading the letter and Ki-yi-ing right in

[*Page 4*]

her face and eyes — so she also was made to suffer! — but I hope she knows by this time — Wont she be delighted [! *?*]

I was so sorry not to see you for I was counting upon it — and if I had felt 'up to it' I believe I should have made a pilgrimage to Dorchester. I only wonder you have n't had a worse time of it, for I knew you were getting worn out just as fast as ever you could — Do be careful now, Duchess. I cant bear to have you so miserable — but we will make up for

[*Up the left margin of page 1*]

all our woes this summer! Ki-yi! Give my love to the author of A Cough* and give my love to Mr. Pierce* and tell him how glad I am about the cruise — And [that *?*] you and

[*Up the left margin of page 2*]

I have little larks on [toast *?*] all of our own to keep!

Yours always

S. O. J.

[*Up the left margin of page 4*]

I have thought so many times what fun it would be if you were going.

Notes

1882: This date has been added in pencil within brackets at the top of page 1, presumably by a Houghton Library archivist. It is supported by Jewett's discussion of an anticipated trip to Europe, including to Norway with Mrs. Ole Bull. See notes below.

Duchess: Lilian Woodman and her husband, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, were affectionately nicknamed among their friends as the Duchess and Duke of Ponkapog.

melancholy spring: James T. Fields, husband of Annie Adams Fields, with whom Jewett will travel to Europe, died in April 1881, and Mrs. Fields remained in deep mourning and depression during the following year and after. Presumably Jewett also refers to the poor health of Jewett and her friends during this spring. Key to Correspondents.

Mrs. Ole: Sara Chapman Thorp Bull. Key to Correspondents.

the Princess ... Queen Elizabeths expeditions: Jewett apparently refers to herself as "the Princess," perhaps in reference to one of her nicknames, "The Queen of Sheba." She refers to the English Queen Elizabeth I (1533-1603) famed for her "royal progresses." These are discussed in *The Portable Queen: Elizabeth I and the Politics of Ceremony* (1999) by Mary Cole Hill.

Jewett often omits the apostrophe in possessives.

author of A Cough: The Finding Aid to the Collection of Thomas Bailey Aldrich Materials in Colby College Special Collections lists this item: Folder B2: A Cough., 1882. Description Poem. Holograph, signed manuscript. When the poem was published has not been determined.

Mr. Pierce: Henry Lillie Pierce (1825-1896) A close friend of the Aldriches, the Baker Chocolate executive and politician often invited the Aldriches to join him in travel, notably in the winter and spring of 1896, when Pierce, the Aldriches, Annie Fields and Jewett sailed the Caribbean together on Pierce's steam yacht, the *Hermione*.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. Thomas Baily Aldrich Papers,

119 letters of Thomas Bailey and Lilian Woodman Aldrich, 1837-1926. MS Am 1429 (117).

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett
Fragment

[*Mar. 15, 1882*]*

Home Tuesday

Dear Mary

. . . . . Sister had two letters this evening from Truly thy friend,* and he is going to remain throughout the week! and is expecting dear Sarah who will strive to go. I am busy with some writing now, a story I have had in mind for some time and I believe I will finish it tomorrow and next day, if I can, and take it with me when I go — and have it off my mind. It's the Mate of the Daylight.* I think you have received particulars? Good-night with love from Mother and me to you and all. It is too funny for anything and he marked the most cleris [clearest?] things in it for fear I shouldn't see them — I am in such a hurry for you to read that book Whittier gave me! Tell Cousin R.* I am going this summer if you want to. Peoples know it to Bystin and I dont make any seckel* though I haven't told it much here.

Yours

the Queen

Notes

1882: The transcriber includes this note with the transcription: [So. Berwick, Me., Mar. 15, 1882, SOJ to MRJ].

Truly thy friend: John Greenleaf Whittier

Mate of the Daylight: Jewett's story first appeared in *Atlantic* 50 (July 1882).

Cousin R: At this time, Mary R. Jewett was visiting their cousin Roxalene Orne (1818-1887), who had married Alexander R. McHenry (1814-1874).

Bystin ... seckel: Jewett apparently uses dialect renderings of "Boston" and "secret." However, one should keep in mind that, particularly in the case of "seckel," other eyes might read the manuscript differently.

This text is from transcriptions from mixed repositories, Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, folder 63, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett
Fragment

[*1882 — March*]*

The eleven weeks will soon go, won't they? When I think about losing all the summer here I feel very bad, but as I told Mrs. Fields the other day — either our friends are very self-sacrificing or else they are glad to get us off, there seems to be such general satisfaction. They all stood on their heads with pleasure at Exeter and Mae* has remembered at her youth in a way that is surprising. To think how sister suffered at thinking how she should break the news to Mar!* You must have had a good rake with Clara Perry!

Notes

1882 - March: This date seems correct, for 11 weeks prior to the May 24 departure for Europe of Jewett and Annie Adams Fields would fall in the middle of March.

Mae: The identity of this person is unknown. Perhaps it is supposed to read "Mar."

Mar: Mar is an occasional nickname for the Jewett sisters' mother, Caroline.

Clara Perry: Though almost certainly a relative of the sisters' mother, the identity of this person is unknown.

This text is from transcriptions from mixed repositories, Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, folder 63, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett
Fragment

[*Mar. 18, 1882*]*

Saturday

Dear Mary

I did not have time to send you a word yesterday for I was busy all day. In the morning Cora was here for awhile and then Mrs. Fields* and I went over our journey together and made lists and then Whittier* came and was in his most delightful mood and he stayed to breakfast and some time afterward. Then Mrs. Fields went to the Charity Building* and I went downtown and did an errand and afterward we went to Cambridge to see Longfellow* and had a lovely

night. He had said that he wanted me to come out when I came up, so we "put it through". He was delightful and the girls were both at home which was nice. He is better than he was a while ago. We went to see Mrs. Ole Bull* but she had gone in town and I stopped for a minute at the Horsfords* — then we came in. Cora came to dine and F. Perry* in the evening. Won't this be nice: Mrs. Ole Bull thinks she will go to Norway and wants us, if she does, to make her a visit. Sister would love it. You take a steamer from England and it isn't much [*illegible*] I will write more tomorrow but must stop now. I'm going home this afternoon and promise to see Truly thy friend first beside doing other things.

Love to Cousin R.* and all

Yrs. ever S. O. J.

Notes

1882: The transcriber includes this note with the transcription: [Boston, Mass., Mar. 18, 1882, SOJ to MRJ, c/o Mrs. Alex R. McHenry, 1937 Chestnut St., Phila., Penna.]

Cora ... Mrs Fields: Cora Clark Rice and Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

Whittier: John Greenleaf Whittier. Key to Correspondents. At the end of the letter, Jewett refers to him by his nickname, "Truly thy friend."

the Charity Building: Helen Winslow in *Little Journeys in Literature* (1902), chapter 3, says: "At the council-table in 'Ward Seven's' office in the Chardon Street Charity Building of Boston Mrs. Fields has sat since the organisation of the Associated Charities, and has borne a large part in the general directorship, besides, from the beginning."

Cambridge to see Longfellow ... the girls: In 1882, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882) had four living daughters: Alice Mary, Anne Allegra, Edith, and Fanny. Longfellow died on 24 March 1882.

Mrs. Ole Bull: Sara Chapman Thorp Bull. Key to Correspondents. The visit to her in Norway took place in the summer of 1882.

the Horsfords: The family of Eben Norton Horsford. Key to Correspondents.

F. Perry: Probably this is Frances F. Perry, daughter of Lucretia Morse Fisk Perry. Key to Correspondents.

This text is from transcriptions from mixed repositories, Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, folder 63, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Sarah Orne Jewett to John Greenleaf Whittier

South Berwick

20th March

[*1882*]*

My dear Friend

It is too late to write a long letter but I must tell you how glad I am to have seen you. It was lovely to be with you and Mrs. Fields* that day at her house. I dont believe I shall ever forget it. When I came

[*Page 2*]

home I found that my mother was much better and she wondered why I didn't stay over Sunday. That would have been very pleasant, but I didn't get the letter which she had sent to me. I think I shall go down again next week to meet my sister and

[*Page 3*]

do some errands with her, but I shall not see you then! ——

It seems more like spring than when I went away — the sun has made the snowdrifts ashamed of themselves — but there are too many of them now. I was out driving a little while this afternoon. "John"* makes

[*Page 4*]

the appeal that the horses need driving — I must tell you about John some day, for I am very fond of him; he has lived with us for a long time. He used to be in the Army and in the time of the war he was badly hurt — He was devotedly fond of my father and came here because he wished to be with him. He is really a most

[*Page 5*]

pleasant companion; I like most to be with him for the sake of the dear old days when Father was here, but he has a charming knowledge of wood-craft and a refinement that is very rare in a man who used to be so knocked about the world — I believe he would almost forsake his own family for Father's

[*Page 6*]

sake!

Sometimes I think a great deal about leaving home for so long, and think of it sadly too in spite of all its pleasures, but I grow more sure every day that it is right — I shall surely see you again first — —

I hope that your writing will not give you trouble. I have been writing another little scud for The Contributors Club today.*

Yours always,

Sarah.

Notes

1882: Richard Cary assigned this date, probably because of Jewett's expressing doubt and anticipation about leaving home for a long trip, which likely refers to the voyage to Europe Jewett and Annie Fields were then planning for the summer of 1882.

Mrs. Fields: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

"John": John Tucker. Key to Correspondents.

today: Richard Cary notes that this probably was "Deplorable Improvements," *Atlantic Monthly*, XLIX (June 1882), 856-857.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Phillips Library at Peabody Essex Museum / Phillips Library, Salem, MA. A previous transcription by Richard Cary appears in "'Yours Always Lovingly': Sarah Orne Jewett to John Greenleaf Whittier," *Essex Institute Historical Collections* 107 (1971): 412-50. New transcription and notes.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett

[*Mar. 21, 1882*]*

Saturday

Dear O.P.

There is a nice [blot?] on the other side of this paper, but sister thinks it will do for a sound churchwoman who goes to the circus in Lent.* I had thoughts of passing Sunday in Boston having been written a pretty letter by Truly Thy friend — it being half thees and the other half yours and very engaging. He is passing a few days at the Quincy House.*

Notes

1882: The transcriber includes this note with the transcription: [South Berwick, Me., Mar. 21, 1882 [to] SOJ to MRJ c/o Mrs. Ellis, 230 E. 15th St., N. Y. C.]

the circus in Lent: For Christians, Lent, the five and a half weeks before Easter, is to be a period of serious reflection and austere living. Attending the circus would not be an appropriate activity for this period.

Truly Thy friend ... Quincy House: Thy Friend is John Greenleaf Whittier. Key to Correspondents. Quincy House was a hotel in downtown Boston, on Brattle Square.

This text is from transcriptions from mixed repositories, Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, folder 63, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

John Greenleaf Whittier to Sarah Orne Jewett

Danvers 3d Mo. 22 1882

My dear Friend

I realized in opening thy letter to-day the subtle truth of thy charming paper in the "Contributors" Department of the Atlantic.* I felt that something of thee was in the little sheet, & was glad of that little{.} I wish thee had staid

[*Page 2*]

in Boston over the Sabbath, since thy mother was so comfortable. I did not leave until [Tuesday yesterday *so written*]. I went out to call on Longfellow* Sunday p.m. & found him too ill to see me. He sent word to me how sorry he was. I came away feeling very sad [but, *so written*] I think his folks are afraid of his seeing any body, and that

[*Page 3*]

the slightest complaint of illness on his part alarms them. Dr. Holmes* spent Saturday afternoon with me, and we had a right good time, alternating from grave to gay.

I did not see Mrs Fields* after thee left. Elizabeth Phelps* spent Sunday at Hotel Claflin,* but she was sadly ill from her sleeplessness. Her new story in the Atlantic opens well.

[*Page 4*]

I cannot not see how she can write at all under the circumstances.

All thy friends are pleased with thy prospects. You will have a delightful time — I almost envy you that Norwegian visit.*

I half suspect thee may be in Boston at this time, but my letter can wait thy return, as it amounts to nothing except to say that I am gratefully thy friend

John G Whittier

Notes

"Contributor's" Department: Jewett appeared several times, anonymously, in the "Contributor's Club" section of *Atlantic Monthly* during 1882. Her March essay was "The Color Cure," and Richard Cary believes she also wrote a follow-up piece for April, "Pleasant Rooms." Whittier could refer to either of these, though Jewett had recommended the March essay to him in her letter of 21 February 1882.

Longfellow: Henry Wadsworth Longfellow died on March 24, 1882, two days after this letter. Key to Correspondents.

Dr. Holmes: Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr. Key to Correspondents.

Mrs. Fields: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

Elizabeth Phelps: Elizabeth Stuart Phelps (Ward). Key to Correspondents. Her novel, *Dr. Zay*, began to appear in an *Atlantic Monthly* serialization in April of 1882. This novel about a woman physician is likely to have influenced Jewett's composition of *A Country Doctor* (1884).

Hotel Claflin: There not being an actual "Hotel Claflin" in Boston or Newtonville, Whittier presumably is joking about the busy social calendar at the Governor Claflin home. See Mary Bucklin Davenport Claflin in Key to Correspondents.

Norwegian visit: During their first European trip together in 1882, Jewett and Fields visited Mrs. Ole Bull in Norway. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the South Berwick Public Library, South Berwick, ME. Transcription by John Richardson.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett
Fragment

[*Mar. 22, 1882*]*

Tuesday night

Dear Mary

Miss Grant* and I are under full sail on the dress in preparation for the London season! It is a good deal of an undertaking. [*Canton?*] crepe* isn't the easiest fabric to handle that ever was. Carrie* was down this afternoon in full war paint and brought your letter. Mr. John Varney and wife are deaded — that is Mr. V. has "skipped" as Alex. used to say and his wife has every prospect of it, and Mr. James Wentworth and Mr. True Godwin's [*Goodwin's?*] wife. I asked Miss Grant if he would feel bad and she said she guessed True knew where he's got to! Aunty* sent for Mother to come up to a concert which was declined with thanks — so no more at present from the Queen of Sheby* with much love to all.

Notes

1882: The transcriber includes this note with the transcription: [So. Berwick, Me., Mar. 22, 1882, SOJ to MRJ 1937 Chestnut St., Phila., Penna.]

Miss Grant: Olive Grant. Key to Correspondents.

Canton crepe: Canton crêpe is "A soft silk crêpe with a pebbly surface originally associated with Canton in China, with bias ribs. Made in Britain, but exported to China, hence its name."

Carrie: Caroline Jewett Eastman. Key to Correspondents.

Mr. John Varney and wife are deaded — that is Mr. V. has "skipped" ... Alex ... Mr. James Wentworth and Mr. True Godwin's [Goodwin's?] wife: The identity of this Alex is not known. As Mary may be visiting the widow of Alexander McHenry at this time, she may refer to their son, Alexander R. McHenry (1849-1899). The report of Olive Grant's store of gossip is difficult to sort out, especially given Jewett's light tone about what appear to be deaths in the Varney family. The Varneys, Wentworths, Trues and Goodwins all were large and prominent families in South Berwick. At about this time, a John Varney and a James Wentworth were employed in a local textile mill. In Pirsig's *The Placenames of South Berwick*, is a photograph of True E. Goodwin (1850-1918) and his family at Hamilton House (p. 38).

Aunty sent for Mother to come up to a concert: Which aunt and which concert remain unknown.

This text is from transcriptions from mixed repositories, Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, folder 63, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett

[*March 23, 1882*]

Wednesday night

Dear Mary

Your letter tonight was truly delightful and I shall make a poor and undeserved reply. — not being in a frame for writing — having written a little scud, and consorted with Miss O. G.* beside. We are getting on very well but it is slow work. I am going to let her take her time and not try to sew myself for I think she needs the money and I would rather she had it than I have the work!!

Notes

1882: The transcriber includes this note with the transcription:[So. Berwick, Me., Mar. 23, 1882, SOJ to MRJ, 1937 Chestnut St., Phila., Penna.].

Miss O. G.: Olive Grant. Key to Correspondents.

Jewett also refers to writing a "scud" in her letter to Whittier of 20 March.

According to Richard Cary, this probably was "Deplorable Improvements," *Atlantic Monthly*, XLIX (June 1882), 856-857.

This text is from transcriptions from mixed repositories, Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, folder 63, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

John Greenleaf Whittier to Annie Adams Fields Fragment

3d mo., 24, 1882

With regard to modem Spiritualism I have had a feeling that it was not safe or healthful for mind or body to yield myself to an influence the nature of which was unknown. There is a fascination in it, but the fascination is blended with doubt and repulsion. I am disgusted with the tricks and greed of these mediums; their pretended spiritual intercourse has none of the conditions which Tennyson's "In Memoriam"* describes, and I do not know that I really need additional proof of the life hereafter. I think my loved ones are still living and awaiting me. And I wait and trust. And yet how glad and grateful I should be to know! I must believe that our friends are near us — that they still love and watch over us.

Notes

March: This portion of a letter appears in *The Works of John Greenleaf Whittier* (1894) v. 9, p. 677.

modem Spiritualism: Spiritualism is a religious movement beginning in the 19th Century, during Whittier's lifetime; it included among its beliefs that living people could communicate with the spirits of the dead.

See also, Terry Heller, "Communing with the Dead: Celia Thaxter, John Greenleaf Whittier, Sarah Orne Jewett, Annie Adams Fields," in *Spirits and Photos: Two Papers on Sarah Orne Jewett*, Sarah Orne Jewett Press, 2025, available at the Internet Archive.

Tennyson's "In Memoriam": British poet Alfred Lord Tennyson (1809-1892) published the completed long poem *In Memoriam A.H.H*. in 1850. It seems likely that Whittier refers to sections 92-94 of the poem. There Tennyson gives reasons why he would doubt any vision of the deceased Arthur Hallam or any prophecy that seemed to come from him. Further, he does not believe that Hallam's spirit would make itself materially visible to his eyes, for the spirit of a dead person would communicate only with the spirit of a living person, not through the material means of the senses. And such communication can occur only when one is pure of heart and mind:

> In vain shalt thou, or any, call
> The spirits from their golden day,
> Except, like them, thou too canst say,
> My spirit is at peace with all.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Adams Fields Fragment

March 24. [*1882*]*

Today is father's birthday.* I wonder if people keep the day they die for another birthday after they get to heaven? I have been thinking about him a very great deal this last day or two. I wonder if I am doing at all the things he wishes I would do, and I hope he does not get tired of me.

Notes

1882: Fields places this selection from a letter in 1882.

birthday: Jewett's father was Theodore Herman Jewett (Portsmouth, N. H., March 24, 1815 - September 20, 1878).

This letter appears in Annie Fields, *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911), transcribed by Annie Adams Fields.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett
Fragment

[*Mar. 24, 1882,*]*

Thursday night

Dear O. P.*

I haven't much news tonight and I am pretty tired, so I shall send you more love than letter. I must copy a sonnet for you to read that Whittier* wrote for Mrs. Fields and me. It fairly brought the tears to my eyes. Do show it to Cousin Roxalene.* Miss Grant* is so pleased with your message and wants me to tell you that she has some sleeves for you to trim!

Notes

1882: The transcriber includes this note with the transcription: [So. Berwick, Me., Mar. 24, 1882, SOJ to MRJ, 1937 Chestnut St., Phila., Penna.]

sonnet ... Whittier: John Greenleaf Whittier wrote "Godspeed" to memorialize the 1882 European trip of Fields and Jewett.

Outbound, your bark awaits you. Were I one
Whose prayer availeth much, my wish should be
Your favoring trade-wind and consenting sea.
By sail or steed was never love outrun,
And, here, or there, love follows her in whom
All graces and sweet charities unite,
The old Greek beauty set in holier light;
And her for whom New England's byways bloom,
Who walks among us welcome as the Spring,
Calling up blossoms where her light feet stray.
God keep you both, make beautiful your way,
Comfort, console, bless; safely bring,
Ere yet I make upon a vaster sea
The unreturning voyage, my friends to me.

"Her in whom all graces and sweet charities unite" is generally agreed to be Fields, while "her for whom New England's byways bloom" is Jewett.

Cousin Roxalene: Cousin Roxalene Orne (1818-1887) married Alexander R. McHenry (1814-1874).

Miss Grant: Olive Grant. Key to Correspondents.

This text is from transcriptions from mixed repositories, Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, folder 63, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

John Greenleaf Whittier to Annie Adams Fields

[*Begin letterhead*]

Danvers, Mass.

[*End letterhead*]

Oak Knoll

3rd Mo 25. — 1882

My Dear Friend

Another of our dear and beloved has passed from us to join those who await us. The little circle first broken by the calling away of dear Fields is once more narrowed by the departure of Longfellow.* Emerson, with his wonderful intellect clouded, Dr. Holmes & myself alone remain.

How sorry I am that I could not speak

[*Page 2*]

to him & take his hand when I called last [Sunday *?*] ! — I must wait a little while now. I hope & trust he has found a joyful welcome from those he loves and who loved him on earth.

I know what thy feeling must be; and with sincere sympathy I am always thy friend

John G. Whittier

Notes

Longfellow: American poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807- 24 March 1882). Annie Fields lost her husband, James T. Fields, on 24 April 1881.

Whittier includes in his generation of American literary figures, Ralph Waldo Emerson, who suffered from dementia in his

later years, and Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr. Key to Correspondents.

A penciled X, probably in another hand, appears in the left margin next to this paragraph.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields collection: mss FI 71-4809.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Alice Mary Longfellow

[*25 March 1882*]

Dear Miss Longfellow

I cannot help telling you how sorry I am for you — the sorrier because it is not so very long ago that my own dear father went away,* and I know only too well the pain and loneliness that these sad days will bring.

Yours always sincerely

Sarah O. Jewett

25th March.

South - Berwick

Notes

my own dear father: Alice Longfellow's father, the poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, died 24 March 1882. Jewett's father, Dr. Theodore Herman Jewett, died 20 September 1878.

The manuscript of this letter is held in the archives of Longfellow House-Washington's Headquarters NHS; Correspondence of Sarah Orne Jewett. HWLD-B139-F94 1882-03-25 Sarah Orne Jewett to AML 001.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Adams Fields

Saturday morning, [*25 March*] 1882.

I have just seen the notice of Longfellow's death,* and while it was hardly a surprise, still it gave me a great shock. Are not you glad that we saw him on that pleasant day when he was ready to talk about books and people, and showed so few signs of the weakness and pain which troubled us in those other visits? It will always be a most delightful memory, and it is all the better that we did not dream it was your last good-bye. I can't help saying that I am glad he has gone away before you had to leave him and know it was the last time you should see him. I dreaded your getting the news of this after we were on the other side of the sea, darling!* After all, it is change that is so hard to bear, change grows every year a harder part of our losses. It is fitting over our old selves to new conditions of things, without the help of the ones who made it easier for us to live, and to do our best that is so hard! I have just been thinking that a life like that is so much less affected by death than most lives. A man who has written as Longfellow wrote, stays in this world always to be known and loved — to be a helper and a friend to his fellow men. It is a grander thing than we can wholly grasp, that life of his, a wonderful life, that is not shut in to his own household or kept to the limits of his every-day existence. That part of him seems very little when one measures the rest of him with it, and the possibilities of this imperfect world reach out to a wide horizon, for one's eye cannot follow the roads his thought and influence have always gone. And now what must heaven be to him! This world could hardly ask any more from him: he has done so much for it, and the news of his death takes away from most people nothing of his life. His work stands like a great cathedral in which the world may worship and be taught to pray, long after its tired architect goes home to rest.

I cannot help thinking of those fatherless daughters of his. I know they were glad and proud because he was famous and everybody honored him, and they are being told those things over and over in these days, and are not comforted. Only one's own faith and bravery help one to live at first.

Notes

Longfellow's death: Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (February 27, 1807 - March 24, 1882) was an American poet, perhaps best remembered for his long narrative poems such as *The Song of Hiawatha* (1855). He was probably the best-known and most respected American poet of the nineteenth century.

Jewett's tribute to Longfellow in this letter was reprinted as "Sara Orne Jewett's Tribute," *The Bookman* 34 (November 1911), p. 221. The quotation of the tribute had this introduction:

> We recall few nobler tributes than that written by the late Sara Orne Jewett when she heard the news of Longfellow's death. It was contained in a letter to Mrs. James T. Fields which is printed in the Letters of Sara Orne Jewett, a book that has just been published by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

other side: Jewett and Fields were planning their first trip to Europe together for the summer of 1882.

fatherless daughters: Wikipedia says that Longfellow and his wife, Frances, had six children: "Charles Appleton (1844-1893), Ernest Wadsworth (1845-1921), Fanny (1847-1848), Alice Mary (1850-1928), Edith (1853-1915), and Anne Allegra (1855-1934)." Jewett and Fields were particularly close to Alice.

This letter appears in Annie Fields, *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911), Transcribed by Annie Adams Fields.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Lilian Woodman Aldrich

Monday

[*27 March 1882*]*

Dearest Duchess*

This is only the beginning of a letter which I shall finish some day or other! I was so sorry to hear that you were tired out the last of the week, but I hope the three days in Ponkapog did wonders

[*Page 2*]

for you — I should think you would be tired out twice over, but dont you dare tell me the same thing! The white frock is as good as done and looks very well{.} I ought to get a [drive *?*] off some friend to show it! because it

[*Page 3*]

will not be likely to come back alive. Or if it does it will not be with the freshness of its (second) youth. I am continually grateful about the other frock, which would have been the last straw.

Tell dear Mr. T.B.A. that there are more club-ers* growing but not yet written. Sadie* means

[*Page 4*]

well! Sadie wants to go to Mrs Vincent's benefit* the third of April and to [*deleted letter*] her own benefit on the Saturday following but she fears she cannot. Sadie is really going to sing again ^in^ Patience,* and I will write this day to Cora Rice* to secure tickets. I am going to be there for Easter — Ki-yi! I think I shall stay in town a week (or more!)

[*Page 5*]

and Princesses* and Duchesses and people of lower rank will be cheerful together. I shall make almost all my visit at Cora's this time, but I shall send about more or less afterward for a few days — Then I am coming home to stay right here until I go away. Dont you think [it *corrected*] will be very

[*Page 6*]

nice for us to go to Norway to see Mrs. Ole Bull?* I shall be sure to get "the makings" of (a punch? no.) a contributors clubber out of all Norway. I am going to throw away all my best pen holders before I go, and only carry a hard lead pencil gnawed to a point with my teeth — to write home that I am well. Literature in every form is to be disdained. I'm coming up

[*Up the left margin, then down across the top of page 5*]

this week for a day and I shall see you so you needn't write! I am tired almost to death but thats no matter. Good by dear.

Yours ever

Sadie.

Notes

27 March 1882: This date almost certainly is correct, supported by Jewett's indication that she and Annie Fields are planning a visit to Norway as part of their 1882 European tour. She speaks of 3 April and Easter (9 April 1882) as in the future, so Monday 27 March is the latest probable date for this letter.

However, confusion arises from Jewett mentioning the benefit for Mrs. Vincent and from noting that she hopes to see "Sadie" in Gilbert and Sullivan's *Patience* (1881) in Boston before her departure for Europe.

She could not mean Sadie Martinot, who traveled to London herself in April of 1882, where she performed for about a year. As the notes below indicate, Sadie Martinot was in Boston in *Patience* in July 1883, and the anticipated benefit for Mrs. Vincent probably took place in 1884.

Duchess: The Aldriches were affectionately known among their friends as the Duke and Duchess of Ponkapog. Key to Correspondents.

club-ers: In the early 1880s, Jewett regularly provided short anonymous essays to the *Atlantic Monthly* "Contributors' Club" column. Two pieces probably by her appeared while she was in Europe in 1882, "Deplorable Improvements" in

June and "Woodland Mysteries" in July. Other essays possibly by her appeared in 1883 and 1884.

Sadie: One of Jewett's nicknames. With the Aldriches, this would have been Sadie Martinot, after the actress and singer of that name, whom Jewett plans to see perform soon in Boston. Key to Correspondents.

Mrs. Vincent's benefit: Probably this is Mary Ann Farlin Vincent (1818-1887), a British born Irish-American actor. She began her acting career in 1834, and so in 1884, she would have been on the stage for 50 years. She married James R. Vincent (d. 1850). She joined the stock company of the Boston Museum theater in 1852, where she continued until her death.

In a letter of December 1883, Jewett writes her sister Carrie that she believes there will be a benefit held for Mrs. Vincent in 1884, on the 50th anniversary of the beginning of her career.

Patience: Jewett refers here to the actress from whom her Aldrich nickname derives: Sadie Martinot. Key to Correspondents.

Patience (1881) was an opera by Gilbert and Sullivan. Wikipedia.

Cora Rice: Cora Clark Rice. Key to Correspondents.

Princesses: Probably Jewett writes of herself as a princess, referring to another of her nicknames used mainly within her family, "the Queen of Sheba."

Mrs. Ole Bull: Sara Chapman Thorp Bull. Key to Correspondents.

Jewett and Annie Adams Fields visited Mrs. Bull in Norway in late July, during their European tour (24 May - 25 October 1882).

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. Thomas Baily Aldrich Papers, 119 letters of Thomas Bailey and Lilian Woodman Aldrich, 1837-1926. MS Am 1429 (117).

Sarah Orne Jewett to John Greenleaf Whittier

South Berwick, Maine

27 March

[*1882*] *

My dear friend I wish to send you just a line tonight to thank you for your letter and for that sonnet* which Mrs. Fields sent me. It has touched my heart and given me more pleasure than I can begin to tell you. You do not know what a beautiful thing it is to me — the dearest of all gifts, and the

[*Page 2*]

best of treasures — It always makes me so happy to think that you care for me and that I can give you a bit of pleasure —

The Norway journey is decided upon and Mrs. Fields says today that 'Mrs. Ole'* will cross in the same steamer with us. I shall be watching things in that northern country for you and myself

[*Page 3*]

too. I wish you were going to be there. We are only going to spend a few days in Ireland after all! I found that Mrs. Fields cares very much to get to London for Dickens's* birthday, the 9th of June, and I said we must do it — and perhaps when we go down to Cornwall { — } a little later 'Liza'* can go back to the Emerald Isle to see more of her friends than we can take

[*Page 4*]

time for ——

I have been reading the Caroline Fox* book and I like it very much. But for a Cornishman give me his riverench the praste of Morwenstow!*

I did not get to town last week after all, but I hope to see my way there before many days. Mrs. Fields writes me in a way that makes me wish to be with her more than ever. All this of the last week will tire her

[*Up the left margin of page 1*]

sadly.* Good night and God bless you!

Yours affectionately,

Sarah

Notes

1882: Richard Cary has assigned this date, based upon Jewett's report of preparations for her first travel to Europe, in the company of Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

sonnet: Richard Cary notes: "On the occasion of a voyage made by my friends Annie Fields and Sarah Orne Jewett" Whittier indited "Godspeed," first published in *The Bay of Seven Islands, and Other Poems* (1883).

Ole: Sara Chapman Thorp. Key to Correspondents.

Dickens's: British novelist, Charles Dickens (1812-1870), with whom Fields had been acquainted. Wikipedia says that 9 June would be the anniversary of his death; he was born on 7 February.

Liza: Cary says she was Mrs. Fields's personal maid.

Fox: Cary says that Caroline Fox (1819-1871) was an English Quaker, a friend of Thomas Carlyle and John Stuart Mill. Jewett probably was reading *Memories of Old Friends*, edited by Horace N. Pym (Philadelphia, 1882).

Morwenstow: Robert Stephen Hawker (1803-1875) was an Anglican priest and poet. Cary says that there were three books related to Hawker in Jewett's library: S. Baring-Gould, *The Vicar of Morwenstow: A Life of Robert Stephen Hawker, M.A*. (New York, 1880); Hawker's *Poetical Works* (London, 1879), and his *The Cornish Ballads With Other Poems* (London, 1884).

Cary adds:

> Robert Stephen Hawker (1803-1875), antiquary, poet, and parson, led a thoroughly eccentric and self-satisfactory life. Among his extravagant acts was posing as a mermaid on moonlit nights to the awe of crowds watching from the shore, keeping as a pet a pig that accompanied him on pastoral visitations, and formally excommunicating a cat. His Cornish ballads, however, are superior renditions of local legendry.

tire her sadly: Jewett refers to the death of their beloved friend, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, on 24 March, 1882.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Phillips Library at Peabody Essex Museum / Phillips Library, Salem, MA. A previous transcription by Richard Cary appears in "'Yours Always Lovingly': Sarah Orne Jewett to John Greenleaf Whittier," *Essex Institute Historical Collections* 107 (1971): 412-50. New transcription and notes.

John Greenleaf Whittier to Sarah Orne Jewett

Oak Knoll

[*Begin letterhead*]

Danvers, Mass.

[*End letterhead*]

3d Mo. 31 1882

My dear Friend,

Thanks for thy letter of the 27th. I wonder when thee will be in Boston. I expect to go to Amesbury the last of next week on the 7th or 8th and shall be there for some time when I shall hope to see thee.

[*Page 2*]

I had a letter from Mrs. Fields* giving an account of Longfellow's funeral.* I think she has felt his death very much; and there are some other things, which I doubt not she will explain to thee, which have moved and interested her. I think she needs thee.

I have just heard from my brother* at Wilmington, Del. His state of health has not

[*Page 3*]

greatly improved as yet, though he himself is hopeful. I am glad he is not [in the *?*] reach of our disappointing Spring. I suppose thy sister* is at home now. Pray remember me to her, and think of me always as thy friend entirely.

John G Whittier

Notes

Mrs. Fields: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

Longfellow's funeral: Henry Wadsworth Longfellow died on March 24, 1882, and his funeral was on 26 March. Key to Correspondents.

my brother: Whittier's brother, Matthew, died on 7 January 1883.

thy sister: Mary Rice Jewett. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the South Berwick Public Library, South Berwick, ME. Transcription by John Richardson.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Adams Fields
Fragment

Saturday afternoon

[*March/April 1882*]*

I came so near seeing you today Darling that I miss you all the more because I gave it up. This morning [*deleted letters*] I said to myself why

shouldn't I go to you and spend Sunday and come down on Monday (with Cora,) and it was the loveliest thing in the world to think about, so pretty soon I tumbled out of bed and felt very eager and happy, and I was to take the two oclock train, and reach Charles St. before you came in yourself, and then I didn't exactly know where I would be when you [*deleted word*]

[*Page 2*]

hurried up the stairs to get ready for dinner — Oh darling I cant bear to give up this lovely long evening I might have had with you! But you must see that when I came down stairs I found that mother looked even more pale and tired than ^when^ she came home last night and she told me that she was not feeling quite well by every thing she did much plainer than if she had talked a great deal about it. And a little later

[*Page 3*]

John* (who rarely takes a holiday) said that he hoped to go to Portsmouth if it is good weather tomorrow and might he have one of the horses? So [I *corrected*] thought that mother might not like to stay alone tonight, and I didn't wish to break up John's plans, and I shall like to keep my eye on the furnace if he is gone! and so — — I couldn't see my little books, and there is a little crack in my heart

[*Page 4*]

that never will be mended until I do see you dear. Mother brightened up amazingly after it was too late to go! and I suppose I really might have been away as well as not but it did not look like it and I did what was right then. I feel as if I were tying myself to the rigging* this time! — for you did want me to come today, didn't you darling? It was dismal to have Mother propose that I should go over to Exeter and spend Sunday! I couldn't

[*Breaks off, no signature*]

Notes

March 1882: This date is penciled in the upper right of page 1 in another hand. This date is supported somewhat by Jewett's indication that Cora Clarke Rice is with her. Key to Correspondents. Jewett reports in another letter from March 1882 that Rice is visiting her in South Berwick.

John: John Tucker. Key to Correspondents.

tying myself to the rigging: Probably an allusion to Homer's story of Odysseus having himself tied to a mast so he can hear but not be captured by the enchanting singing of the Sirens.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Annie Fields (Adams) 1834-1915, recipient. 194 letters; 1877-1909 & [n.d.] Sarah Orne Jewett correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Adams Fields

Tuesday Noon

[*March/April 1882*]*

Dear darling

I have just sent you some pussy willows. I waited for them to bloom out a little bit. I dont know how they happened to show themselves so early here this year — but it is a willow I know of old to be an early [bloomer *corrected*] — — I send you a little poem of Lily Fairchild's* which I am sure you will like to see. Once when I was there I had a lot of

[*Page 2*]

my verses which we looked over, for she has always wished me to make a little book of them — And when we came to the boat-song* that [*deleted word* she *?*] you liked, it reminded her of this one of hers, and after she said it she wrote it off for me — I am having a good time with Cora*— she is in her sweetest and dearest and quietest mood, and I can see already that she is feeling better —

[*Page 3*]

We [talked *corrected*] a good while last evening because there was really so much to say! and we stole up to bed at last feeling like [*deleted word*] two guilty children, but Mother was kind and [did not *corrected*] hail us, and tonight I mean to repay her [by *corrected*] turning in very early indeed! — The weather is very thawy but I am getting on pretty well. I have told John* to bring round the long

[*Page 4*]

sleigh and take [us *corrected*] out for a drive but I am afraid the roads are soft. Tomorrow I am going to try to get up early and take Cora over the pond and through the woods [to *corrected*] the scene of the Winter Drive sketch*

— John thinks the logging roads will yet serve us!

Dear love I am so often sending you messages — and I hope the 'little white [mother *?*]' dont forget them by the way — Are you sure you know how much I love you? If you dont I cant tell you! but I think of you and think of you

[*Up the left margin of page 1*]

and I am always being reminded of you — Good-day! and I long for your letter tonight. I am yours most lovingly. — SO.J.

Notes

March 1882: This date is penciled in the upper right of page 1 in another hand. The note appears again on p. 3. Though there is little evidence to support this date in the letter, Jewett speaks of her story published in 1881 as a recent one. See notes below.

Lily Fairchild's: Elizabeth Nelson Fairchild. Which of Fairchild's poems Jewett included is not yet known. See Sally Fairchild in Key to Correspondents.

boat-song: Jewett's poem "Boat Song" was published in the late 1870s, though it is uncertain exactly when. It appeared set to music in 1879.

Cora: Cora Clark Rice. Key to Correspondents.

John: John Tucker. Key to Correspondents.

Winter Drive sketch: Jewett's "A Winter Drive" appeared in *Country By-Ways* (1881).

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Annie Fields (Adams) 1834-1915, recipient. 194 letters; 1877-1909 & [n.d.] Sarah Orne Jewett correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

Sarah Wyman Whitman to Sarah Orne Jewett

April 3, 1882.

Is it really a year of special change and flux? or is it only that one has grown old enough to see what moving waters run below this crust of continuance? I am not sure, but I think it is this last.

Note

This transcription appears in *Letters*, Sarah Wyman Whitman. Cambridge, MA: Riverside Press, 1907, "Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett: 1882-1903," pp. 61-109.

Sarah Orne Jewett to John Greenleaf Whittier

South Berwick 4 April —

[*1882*]*

My dear friend I wish very much that I could see you today! I came home from Boston last night but your letter had reached me there in the morning, and I was more than glad to get it. I was in town several days and I shall go back again on Saturday to make some short visits before my longer voyage begins — I shall be in town two weeks and then come back here for the last month before the 24th of May. I shall spend the 24th of April* with

[*Page 2*]

Mrs. Fields —* I shall not let her stay alone that day even if she wishes it — but I don't believe she will — I shall surely see you in Amesbury by and bye — I want to know how to think of you there. It is like having people go off into space when you dont know what they see from their windows or where they keep their books — —

Mrs. Fields said she hoped she could see you too. She was as busy as ever, and for many reasons I was glad I could be there for a few days — She was so sorry about Longfellow's* having gone. I think she misses him more

[*Page 3*]

and more but it touched me very much because she kept saying she was so glad to think that he and Mr. Fields were together. They would be so happy! Really she seemed to think more of that than anything that belonged to the change — and it was giving her a wonderful pleasure —

And she had written me about the strange experiences* of last week and week before — You know I ^was^ growing curious enough about such things! and I found out where this person lived, and went ^alone^ one day to see what she would say to me! Don't say anything to anyone about it, please, Mr. Whittier, for nobody is to know but you and Mrs.

[*Page 4*]

Fields. I didn't tell "The Sandpiper"* to whom I suppose I owe it all!! I was most suspicious and unbelieving even after Mrs. Fields told me and it really wasn't until after I had gone home again and began to talk it over that I quite took in the strangeness of it. It seemed quite an every day

thing that that strange woman should be talking about my life and my affairs as if she had always known me — I thought she was quick-witted and after she told me to ask her questions, that she was clever in "putting two and two together" — She told me first that I was going

[*Page 5*]

2

away before long; that there would be a good many people all together in one place, and, without saying it was the steamer, gave a picture of it all — She told me what a good time I was going to have and how much better I was to come home — that it was even going to be pleasanter than I thought — and there was to be no accident — that father wouldn't have let me take that steamer if there had been misfortune ahead — She said 'James' wished to speak to me, and described Mr. Fields perfectly. (She had already told me all about Mrs. Fields and our going together) and

[*Page 6*]

she said he and my [companion *corrected*] for the journey were very near each other 'like one person' — She told me wonderful things about my father and about his death and our relation to each other, and what he said to me was amazing. There was a great deal that came from him and from Mr. Fields that is the most capital advice, the most practical help to me, perfect "sailing orders" you know! All this I should be so glad to tell you someday. They said they had made all the plan for Mrs. Fields and me and helped us carry it out — that we

[*Page 7*]

needed each other — and could help each other — I wish I could tell you all that <u>now</u>! But of all things I believe this startled me most and was the proof that there was no sham. The woman told me my father liked so much a friend who was with him there — they were much together and he was very fond of her. "Her name is Greene, do you know her? — Bessie, I think; Bessie Greene" — And I said no, he had never known such a girl and I never had, but after I had told Mrs. Fields almost everything it suddenly flashed into my

[*Page 8*]

mind, and I said — "What was that Miss Greene's name — the daughter of your old friend who had studied medicine and was so charming, and who was lost in the [Schiller *corrected*]* when Dr. Susan Dimock was?" and she told me "Bessie"——

[Now *corrected*] wasn't that very strange? From what I know of her, she would delight Father's heart, and they have somehow found each other — There was no "mind reading": I have not thought of her for months, but it all needed no proof, and it [*deletion*] gives me such a pleasant glimpse of father's life — It was [*deletion*] a very long talk

[*Page 9*]

3

and it was very pleasant. There was much about my writing — and about my taking care of myself, that showed on <u>someone's</u> part a complete knowledge of 'the situation' —

— I do not think I care to go again — though it was said Father wished to say one or two other things before I went away — I can't tell you how much good it did me, for it made me certain of some things which ^had^ puzzled me — I should like to go to another "medium" someday, to see what was common to the

[*Page 10*]

two, for I still have 'an eye out' for tricks of the trade and yet I can't help being ashamed as I write this, for it was all so real and so perfectly sensible and straightforward, and free from silliness — Mrs. Fields [*deletion*] did not ask any questions but I sometimes did. I said, " [Do *corrected*] my father and the person you call James know each other? — {"} and I was answered that I ought to see them laugh — they were having great fun over me.

[*Page 11*]

They came ^to me together to tell me so^ soon after Mr. Fields died — which was the truth, for the [Sunday *corrected*] I went to hear Dr. Bartol's* funeral sermon last spring, I had a sudden consciousness of their being in the pew too — in a great state of merriment. The sermon was very funny, and Father was as much amused as Mr. Fields himself — Dr. Bartol was a classmate of ~~his~~ ^Father's^ — I had always wished that Mr. Fields & Father could know each other — and I remember how glad I was that Sunday!

—— I have written you this

[*Page 12*]

long rambling letter — but I could not wait to tell you all that I could write of that strange day. It doesn't make me wish to run after such things; I only feel surer than ever of a companionship of which I have always* been assured — It was no surprise when the message came from father that he knew me so much better than when we saw each other and that he was always with me — and loved me ten times more than when he went away — And I was given a dear and welcome charge and care over Mrs. Fields which I can speak about better than write to you — I think this has been a great blessing to her, and

[*Page 13*]

a great comfort — I do not believe she will go again — I cannot imagine making it a sort of entertainment, and letting it be the gratification of curiosity. No good can come of that. I believe it would take away too much of our freedom of choice which is something to which we cannot cling closely enough. One does not think of seeking these impulses and teachings of the spirits, only of listening to them gladly when they come — But one sails with sealed orders* so often, that the help which came to me the other day was most welcome ——

Now I

[*Page 14*]

must say goodbye to you! Won't you send me the photograph before you go away from Danvers, (unless there is one at Amesbury) for I want it so much.

I met my sister* in Boston and she is coming home today. She was greatly pleased with the kindness of your message to her.

Yours always lovingly,

Sarah O. Jewett

I hope that your brother* will soon be growing stronger. I wished before that you would tell me how he was getting on.

Notes

1882: Richard Cary assigned this date because of several events of 1882 mentioned, including preparations for Jewett's first voyage to Europe with Annie Adams Fields.

April: 24 April was the first anniversary of the death James T. Fields (1817-1881). Key to Correspondents.

Longfellow's: Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Key to Correspondents. He died 24 March 1882.

experiences: Paula Blanchard speculates in *Sarah Orne Jewett* (2002) that Fields and Jewett visited the medium recommended to them by Celia Thaxter. At this time, Thaxter was seeing Mrs. Jennie Potter. Though little is known about Potter, several others have recorded encounters with her. See the magazines *Light* 1:1 (1881), p. 78, and *Facts* 2-3 (1883) p. 164.

See also, Terry Heller, "Communing with the Dead: Celia Thaxter, John Greenleaf Whittier, Sarah Orne Jewett, Annie Adams Fields," in *Spirits and Photos: Two Papers on Sarah Orne Jewett*, Sarah Orne Jewett Press, 2025, available at the Internet Archive.

Sandpiper: Celia Thaxter. Key to Correspondents.

Schiller: Cary notes:

> The steamship *Schiller* lost its bearings in heavy fog and was wrecked thirty-five miles off Land's End, England, on May 7, 1875, with a loss of some three hundred and fifty lives. Miss Susan Dimock (1847-1875), trained in surgery at the University of Zurich, was house physician of the New England Hospital for Women and Children. Miss Elizabeth Greene, same age, was the granddaughter of Nathaniel Greene, editor, historian, and postmaster of Boston; and the daughter of William Batchelder Greene, theologian, colonel in the Civil War, and author of books on the science of history, the theory of calculus, socialism, and Hebrew and Egyptian antiquities. Miss Greene, a favorite in society and active in philanthropy, was already looked upon as "one of the most benevolent ladies in Boston."

Bartol: Cary says that Cyrus Augustus Bartol (1813-1900), a "graduate of Bowdoin College, was a Unitarian clergyman influential in the religious life and thought of Boston for half a century. An associate of James Russell Lowell's father, Rev. Bartol became noted for his original, radical, epigrammatic sermons."

always: Jewett underlined this word twice.

sealed orders: Wikipedia says: "Sealed orders are orders given to the commanding officer of a ship or squadron that are sealed up, which he is not allowed to open until he has proceeded a certain length into the high seas; an

arrangement in order to ensure secrecy in a time of war."

my sister: Mary Rice Jewett. Key to Correspondents.

brother: Whittier's brother, Matthew, died on 7 January 1883. Find a Grave.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Phillips Library at Peabody Essex Museum / Phillips Library, Salem, MA. A previous transcription by Richard Cary appears in "'Yours Always Lovingly': Sarah Orne Jewett to John Greenleaf Whittier," *Essex Institute Historical Collections* 107 (1971): 412-50. New transcription and notes.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Adams Fields
Fragment*****

[*April 1882*]*

Monday noon

My own dear darling, your letter makes me wish to fly to you. There is one thing about it all; it seems to have been done to make you surer than ever that the love still holds and follows you — You were sure already, and it does not seem to me that this was needed, but — here it is! And I think you are right in your saying that there shall be no more of it — no more, I mean, of your going outside to find what is your own and will come to you at any rate. It is simple curiosity that sends most people to mediums; if one has need of these revelations they will come unsought. I never shall forget that morning last winter when that message was told me for you as you sat writing at your desk — But for Celia this will work wonders, if only her imagination is not fascinated and excited by the wonder and mystery of it. I think we should hold it as sacred a thing as possible for her [sake?] and help her to reverence it, and not dream of degrading it into a mere satisfaction of curiosity. Thank God for anything by which a human soul is helped to see more clearly the reality of our spiritual life in this world or the next!

— My heart went with every word you said about Mrs. Ole* and [the/her] summer plan. Why is not July better than June in that northern country? and there will not be anytime all summer so good for England

Notes

fragment: An earlier transcriber notes: "It is not clear where the remainder of this letter is. The collection has some individual pages — and it is possible that the closing is there. Annie Fields has written "1882" in pencil at the top of the first page. James T. Fields died in April of 1881 — and Annie went through bouts of depression and despair over her loss.

April 1882: While the year almost certainly is correct, the month is less certain. Other letters from March and April of 1882 indicate that Jewett and Fields at this time visited at least one Spiritualist medium, separately and perhaps together.

Mrs. Ole: Annie and Sarah visited Sarah Chapman Bull, the American born widow of famed Norwegian violinist, Ole Bull, on the island of Lyso on and after July 15, 1882. See Blanchard, p. 143.

The manuscript of this letter is at the University of New England, Maine Women Writers Collection, Jewett Collection correspondence corr052-soj-af.01. New transcription and notes.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Adams Fields
Fragment

Tuesday

[*April 1882*]*

Dear love I hate to keep sending you letters instead of going to you myself, but by and by there will be no letters at all! Your little word of last night has just come and I wish I were going to be there to welcome you home from the perils of Bridgewater!* There is a great comfort in thinking of having a glimpse of you within two or three days and I am sure of that. It is a hot tiresome day — and I did not get up until very

[*Page 2*]

late — and what book do you think I read in bed? a hand-book of anatomy, and I found it very interesting!!! Sometimes I think I should like to give up the world the f. and the d.* and be a doctor, though very likely I am enough of one already to get the rest of it for myself and perhaps I have done as much as I ~~can~~ [*deleted letter*] ever could for other people.

(Now this is a plan I have. Let us tell Mrs. Ole* we wish to have June in England)*

[*Breaks off. No signature.*]

Notes

1882: This year is given by Fields in her transcription. Fields almost certainly is correct, as the letter speaks of plans for their 1882 summer trip to Europe.

Bridgewater: The Bridgewater State Farm in Massachusetts, according to The Asylum Projects, opened in 1856 and served as a prison / mental hospital throughout its history.

the f. and the d. : What Jewett means by these initials is not yet known.

England): Parentheses penciled in another hand.

Mrs. Ole: Sara Chapman Thorp Bull. Key to Correspondents.

Jewett and Fields paid an extended visit to Mrs. Ole Bull in Norway during July, as part of their 1882 summer trip to Europe.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Annie Fields (Adams) 1834-1915, recipient. 194 letters; 1877-1909 & [n.d.] Sarah Orne Jewett correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

Annie Fields's Transcription

The following transcription of the above letter appears in Annie Fields, *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911), p. 60.

Tuesday, 1882.

I hate to keep sending you letters instead of going to you myself, but by and by there still be no letters at all. Your little word of last night has just come and I wish I were going to be there to welcome you home from the perils of Bridgewater.# It is a hot, tiresome day, and I did not get up until very Late, and what book do you think I read in bed? A hand-book of Anatomy, and I found it very interesting. Sometimes I think I should like to give up the world, the f — , and the d — , and be a doctor, though very likely I am enough of one already to get the best of it for myself, and perhaps I have done as much as I ever could for other people.

Fields's note

#*Bridgewater* State Farm, which was then a most unpalatable place.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Adams Fields
Fragment

[*Spring 1882*]*

Tuesday evening

Dear love I have just read your two letters, and I long to go to you and to hold you close and fast — to make you sure how dearly I love you and to drive away something of your sad loneliness. You are tired my darling; I keep telling you that over and over. I cant bear to have you say these

[*Page 2*]

things, or what is far worse <u>feel</u> them when you know how I love you and think of you and am living for you so much of my time. Oh dear Darling wont you remember all this and let it give you a little comfort, and in whatever sadness and trouble may come never push

[*Page 3*]

the thought of me away as not being part of it ~~and~~ ^or^ having to do with it. I believe I belong to you as much as one can belong to another but when you grow very sorry you go away from me into the shadows all alone. I suppose God means that we shall do

[*Page 4*]

that and <u>must</u> do it sometimes in our lives but I will always follow you lovingly as far as I may and wait until you come back to me again. Nobody loves you better than I do except that one whom you wish to love you best. And whatever you will take from

[*Missing material; no signature*]

[*Up the left margin and across the top margin of page 1*]

I liked so much the editorial in the Herald I sent. Coolidge* sent me a lovely dark green notebook & pocket book together.

Notes

Spring 1882: This letter seems closely related to the preceding and following letters of Sarah Orne Jewett to Fields. It is possible this is part of the preceding letter. Both respond to Fields experiencing depression, probably near the time of the anniversary of her husband's death, which took place on 24 April 1881.

Coolidge: This is not certain, but probably Jewett refers to Katherine/Catherine Scollay Parkman Coolidge. See Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is at the University of New England, Maine Women Writers Collection, Jewett Collection correspondence corr053-af-soj.02. New transcription and notes.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Adams Fields

Thursday

[*April 1882*]*

Oh my dear darling your two letters have come and I don't know what to say. It fairly stung me to have my own dear love say that nobody would keep her out of it — Dear Fuffy* if I had thought that this summer would have been easier and happier for you anywhere else I would have helped you go there. It can't be that you think I might have been more thoughtful of you — but

[*Page 2*]

indeed this seemed best and does seem best — And in a few days I shall be with you not to leave you alone again except for a few days while you stay there. Won't it make you more contented to know that really I have been looking forward to being with you there in a way I never have before — besides fairly longing now for the rest and quietness. I have more care than I ever have had before this

[*Page 3*]

summer — and it has made me get through it all and be glad — because I know that afterward I am going to be by the sea with you. When I think of you it seems wrong that I can't always be with you to take care of you and love you and not let you be lonely — but dear darling so long as I really must be away part of the time it does make a difference that we belong to each other in a sweet way— and can keep

[*Page 4*]

the thought of it in our hearts when we are apart. So let us try to wait the rest of the time and know that it will be all the dearer when we are together. It is hard to write for I could so much more easily tell you this if I were with you — indeed I should not need to tell you at all. It makes my heart ache to think of your sadness and loneliness, but oh my darling don't let us forget that there is a great blessing sent with it all — and that God does not mean to punish us

[*Cross-written on p. 1, left margin and top*]

or torment us but to bless us and make us more and more his own dear children. I only hope that this note will carry you a little of that great love that fills my heart for you.

Your own Pin

[*Cross-written on p. 2, left margin*]

I send you Lilian H's* letter. How touching it is about the Longfellows.* I knew too that they wanted so much to go to you.

[*Cross-written on p. 3, left margin and top*]

No — the letter got spoiled — but she only said beside that other's [?] wishing to go to Manchester that Mrs Ole* was there & it was about my coming down &c by and by

Notes

April 1882: An unknown original transcriber notes appearing with this text read: (nd but late summer 1881 — AF has written 1881 in pencil at the top. James T. Fields died in April of 1881 — and Annie, devastated, cut herself off from friends and family for a time. This letter indicates an earlier intimacy than most scholars assume. (See Paula Blanchard, pp. 134-135).

Almost certainly the transcriber's dating is incorrect. In April of 1881, Jewett and Fields were still relatively new acquaintances, and they did not yet refer to each other by the nicknames of Pin and Fuff. The occasion of this letter probably is the approaching first anniversary of the death of James T. Fields, which took place on 24 April 1881. Several other references in this letter suggest it relates in time to other Jewett letters of April 1882.

Fuffy: a Fields nickname. Key to Correspondents.

Lilian H: Very likely this is Mary Leila ("Lilian") Horsford, the oldest daughter of Eben Norton Horsford. Key to Correspondents.

Longfellows: Fields and Jewett were friends of the Henry Wadsworth Longfellow family. Longfellow had died the previous March. See Alice Mary Longfellow in Key to Correspondents.

Manchester: Annie Fields's summer home, the Gambrel Cottage, was in Manchester-by-the-Sea, MA.

Ole: As Ole Bull died in 1880, Jewett presumably refers to Sara Chapman Thorp Bull. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is at the University of New England, Maine Women Writers Collection, Jewett Collection correspondence [

n.d.] corr054-soj-af.03. New transcription and notes.

John Greenleaf Whittier to Annie Adams Fields

Danvers

4th Mo, 28, 1882*

My dear friend

I was greatly interested in thy account of the girl with the withered arm. How beautiful it was her reception at her new home! In that blessed Charity work, there is doubtless much to depress and discourage, and you need now & then an incident of this kind.

It was very kind and thoughtful in thee to send

[*Page 2*]

me Mr Pierce's letter.* I hope the "sisters three" will pull through, or suffer themselves to be pulled through. It is hard to help those who need help most of all — genteel poor folks. As the Duke of Argyle said of kings, they are "kittle cattle to shoe behind."

The news of Emerson's death* has just reached me. How our friends glide from us! I begin to feel awfully alone. And yet sometimes those who have gone away seem very near to me. Or is it that I ^am^ getting very near to them! —

[*Page 3*]

Is Mrs. Thaxter still in Boston? I suppose Sarah Jewett* has left before this.

If I am in Boston before you leave, I shall [*deleted letter ?*] just call to say God be with you!

Ever & affectionately thy friend.

John G. Whittier

Notes

1882: The paragraph on Emerson's death has a penciled X in the left margin. The rest of the letter — excepting this paragraph — appears to have a light penciled line on each page from upper left to lower right.

Mr Pierce's letter: It is likely that this is Henry Lille Pierce. Key to Correspondents.

The "sisters three" have not yet been identified, but he may refer to the three surviving daughters of their mutual friend, the recently deceased American poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882).

Duke of Argyle: Whittier quotes from Sir Walter Scott's (1771-1832) novel, *The Heart of Midlothian* (1818), in which the Duke comments that kings are like unruly cattle, difficult to herd from behind.

Emerson's death: Ralph Waldo Emerson died on 27 April 1882. Key to Correspondents.

Celia Thaxter ... Sarah Jewett: Key to Correspondents. Whittier refers to the trip to Europe, upon which Jewett and Fields soon will depart.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields collection: mss FI 71-4807.

Celia Thaxter to Annie Adams Fields

K. Point — 29th Apr.

[*1882*]*

My dearest:

K.* & I reached here yesterday aft. & found everything much better than we expected, so that it was really pleasant & I was so rejoiced to see my Roland — he is able to get about a little on crutches, but he has to be awfully careful yet — Its a great trial — Annie had the house "as neat as wax", whatever that may mean! but really it was beautiful to see what pains she had taken & how everything shone — My little room was so fresh & trim & dainty, no speck of dust anywhere, & everything so comfortable & pretty, it was a pleasure to go into it. It makes all the difference from comfort to despair, having her. And she is so fond of Owl's sandpiper!* How is dear owl? Gone home, on the flit, I suppose —

You dear! How I think of you! Did I not tell you how your pendulum would swing back into great joy from that deep dark?* Always it is so. For me — some how all things are new — it is a new heaven, & a new earth — the old joy & elasticity of childhood comes back once more —

I find lots to do & am busy as I can be — snatch a minute only to say God bless you dear, & I will write from the Shoals where we hope to be on Monday. Mr Thaxter is going in about a week to take Karl & his [machine *corrected*]* to Boston to the [proper *corrected*] authorities &

get it patented if it is all we hope — Karl will come in from Shoals. He wants

[*In the left margin of page 1*]

to put it in running order perfectly [adjusted to the calligraph out there *?*],* so that there may be no mistake before they take it to Boston — Ever my darling your

C.

Notes

1882: Boston Public Library has assigned this date to the letter. The rationale for this is not given. Roland Thaxter was suffering from an injured knee at this time. He eventually had surgery in November 1882.

K.: Karl is Thaxter's oldest, disabled son. Roland was her youngest son. Key to Correspondents.

Owl's sandpiper: Thaxter is using intimate nicknames shared among Jewett, Fields and herself. Owl and Pinny are Jewett; Flower is Fields; Sandpiper is Thaxter. Key to Correspondents.

deep dark: Thaxter refers to Fields's depression after the death of James T. Fields the previous year, 24 April 1881. See, for example, Thaxter to Fields of 30 October 1881.

machine: Karl worked for several years on a device for printing photographic enlargements.

out there: The text within the brackets is not visible on the scanned image of the manuscript page. I have, therefore, accepted the transcription provided by EKC. What the text means remains unclear as well.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Boston Public Library, Rare Books Department, Celia Thaxter correspondence with Annie Fields, 1869-1893, MS C.1.38 Box 2 Folder 3 (172-190).

Sarah Orne Jewett to John Greenleaf Whittier

[*Begin letterhead*]

148 Charles Street.

Boston.

[*End letterhead*]

Sunday ——

[*April 30, 1882*]*

Dear Mr. Whittier{,} now listen to this sad story! Yesterday I drove over from Bradford to Amesbury to see you and you had gone to Danvers, and it is a wonder I did not sit down to [*deletion*] cry on the doorstep! Miss Annie Johnson* was with me and two young friends

[*Page 2*]

beside, and at first I was deeply grieved because I had dragged them so far on false pretenses, but they had a very good drive and a great deal of pleasure in spite of their disappointment. So did I; but it is too bad I could not have seen you — However, there may be time yet{.}

What a pleasant country it is! and it was all new to me yesterday beyond

[*Page 3*]

the house where you lived when you were a boy. I had been there before, and was glad to go by again. The brook was in a great state of excitement and the willows were growing yellow and will be fit to make whistles from in a day or two! I wish I could go there with you some day.

Miss Johnson was so sorry to miss you; but she means to drive over again when she is sure you are in

[*Page 2*]

Amesbury.

I am spending a last Sunday with our dear 'A. F.' before we go away, which will be in little more than three weeks now — Miss Phelps* is here too — Mrs. Fields and I are going out to Concord* this afternoon.

I am sure she sends you her love with mine.

Yours most affectionately

Sarah O. Jewett

Notes

1882: Richard Cary has assigned this date, presumably on the assumption that the upcoming trip Jewett mentions is the voyage to Europe with Annie Adams Fields (A.F.), which commenced on 24 May 1882. Key to Correspondents.

Johnson: American educator Annie Elizabeth Johnson (1826-1894) was a close friend of Jewett's sister, Mary Rice Jewett. She organized a trip Europe with Mary Rice Jewett and others in 1889.

Phelps: Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward. Key to Correspondents.

Concord: Jewett and Fields probably were planning to attend the 30 April funeral of Ralph Waldo Emerson, a Concord MA resident, who had died on 27 April. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Phillips Library at Peabody Essex Museum / Phillips Library, Salem, MA. A previous transcription by Richard Cary appears in "'Yours Always Lovingly': Sarah Orne Jewett to John Greenleaf Whittier," *Essex Institute Historical Collections* 107 (1971): 412-50. New transcription and notes.

John Greenleaf Whittier to Sarah Orne Jewett

Oak Knoll

Thursday

[*4 May 1882*]*

My dear Friend

Day before yesterday I got thy letter telling me that that Miss Johnson of Bradford* had actually been at my house in Amesbury — and I was not there! I immediately went to Boston rather hoping

[*Page 2*]

I should find thee there, but thee had left. I saw Mrs Fields* for a few moments; I thought ^she^ seemed a little nervous about the expedition, but thee will be all right as soon as she & thee are aboard ship. And I am not to see thee before you leave! I am sorely disappointed. I thought

[*Page 3*]

I could write thee as soon as I returned to Amesbury, and that thee could fix a day when I might expect thee. Well! I shall have to think often of when we parted at the Mrs Claflins* — but it is too bad.

I hope thee go in good spirits, though of course, it will {be} rather hard to leave thy mother & sister. But they I know will feel that it is the best possible thing

[*Page 4*]

for thee to do, a god send of an opportunity which occurs very seldom{.} Thee & dear Annie Fields will be such mutual help to each other.

Good [bye *?*], dear friend. I shall follow thee in my thoughts. With grateful affection thy friend

John G. Whittier

Notes

1882: A transcriber's note reads: Postmark; May 5; in 1882, May 5 fell on a Friday. This letter refers to the imminent departure of Jewett and Fields on their first voyage to Europe, which took place on about 24 May 1882.

Miss Johnson of Bradford: Whittier's home in Haverford, MA, is across the Merrimack River from Bradford, MA. Richard Cary says "Annie Elizabeth Johnson (1826-1894), Maine-born daughter of the Reverend Samuel and Hannah (Whittier) Johnson, was principal of Bradford Academy (now a college) from 1875 until her death. Miss Johnson was a close friend of Miss Jewett's sister Mary and her cousin Abba Fisk."

Mrs. Fields: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

Mrs Claflins: Mary Bucklin Davenport Claflin. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the South Berwick Public Library, South Berwick, ME.
Transcription by John Richardson.

Sarah Orne Jewett to John Greenleaf Whittier

South Berwick

5 May —

[1*882*]*

Dear M^r^ Whittier —

I wish you could come to South Berwick for a day or two! I do want to see you very much and we would drive down the Sligo road and go anywhere you

[*Page 2*]

please out of doors, and indoors you should be made as much at home as you liked — There are only my mother and sister* here. I do not go for two weeks and I shall be more than glad if you

[*Page 3*]

feel like coming —

My sister has been saying how much she wished you would make us a little visit.

Yes, I find too that Mrs. Fields* begins to dread the going away, but that day at Concord tired her very much and she is altogether

[*Page 4*]

tired out at any rate. I think, in her wish to drive away her sadness, she has tried to carry too much care and work, and she feels the burden of it beside the weight of the sorrow itself — She needs more than ever to have this change and rest.

= I wish you were here tonight and we would make the fire last a

[*Page 5*]

good while into the night and have a talk over it.

Wednesday May 10th

I wrote all this and went away to Portland for a day or two leaving my letter unfinished in the desk. I do hope that you can come, next week — or this. [*deletion*]

[*Page 6*]

[*deletion*] — There are so many things to talk about, but I must stop writing — God bless you! I do hope I shall see you before I go away.

Yours most affectionately,

Sarah

Notes

1882: Richard Cary assigned this date because Jewett mentions the trip to Europe that she and Annie Adams Fields were planning at that time.

sister: Mary Rice Jewett. Key to Correspondents.

Mrs. Fields: Annie Adams Fields.

Jewett and Fields attended the 30 April funeral of Ralph Waldo Emerson, a Concord MA resident, who had died on 27 April. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Phillips Library at Peabody Essex Museum / Phillips Library, Salem, MA. A previous transcription by Richard Cary appears in "'Yours Always Lovingly': Sarah Orne Jewett to John Greenleaf Whittier," *Essex Institute Historical Collections* 107 (1971): 412-50. New transcription and notes.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Adams Fields
Fragment

Saturday afternoon

[*13 May 1882*]*

Dear darling it seems to be a slight consolation to write to you! —— (I was glad to get that dear short little letter this morning but alas! you were keeping the rest of it until today.

I am afraid that Mother is 'in for' one of her very bad colds and in that case I suppose it will be a good many days before I can leave her, and) I shall miss Truly thy friend,* which

[*Page 2*]

is very sad [the *intended* to] think of — so I am not going to think of it ! x x I just pulled one of your letters out of my pocket with these things written on the back of it — (I was looking over The Land of the Midnight Sun which seemed a most charming book — and Chaillu* says of some dear and pathetic Finnish people who lived near the Arctic Sea: "They did not care about the allurements and wealth of the world. 'There is another life,' said the old woman to me: 'let us be good

[*Page 3*]

and love God with all our hearts!' " — And this was a quaint epitaph for some rich old Swedish robber-nobleman of the 14th Century:

Here lie
The Swedish Chancellor B. Jonssen
In Safety buried:
And his son Sir Canute.
Armagard Thy wife, follows Thee Canute.

— Is not that most touching. I dont know why, but it made me think of Whittier's poetry — It is more like some poems of Longfellow's* on second thought — but it was Truly thy friend who came first to my mind — Do you suppose

[*Page 4*]

that anybody will ever write out the laws of association?* —

(— And in this mornings mail came a nice new Good Literature* so I thought of my Queen Anne and her Kingdom of Letters,* and that it seemed to be holding its own, and I suppose her majesty was very pleased, wasn't she? We must have a copy sent after us — Mary* will do it, and I will leave a roll of newspaper wrappers

on purpose for G.L.* and we will squabble for it when it comes.) (Didn't you think

[*Manuscript breaks off*]

Notes

13 May 1882: Fields penciled 1895, possibly, then deleted it and wrote 1892 in the upper right of page 1. However, hints in the content suggest a much earlier date, in the spring of 1882, as they were planning their first trip to Europe. Jewett has been reading a book published in 1881 and she mentions a short-lived magazine (1881-1883), and she implies that they are in the process of planning a trip that will require publications being sent after them. Further, she concludes that she will not have a chance to see John Greenleaf Whittier before they depart, which almost certainly places this letter within the 2 weeks before their trip. Saturday 13 May is probable, but 20 May is possible.

(I : The parenthesis marks around this passage have been penciled by Fields.

thy friend: John Greenleaf Whittier. Key to Correspondents.

Chaillu: Paul Belloni Du Chaillu (c. 18311903) was a French-American zoologist and anthropologist. His *The Land of the Midnight Sun* (1881) was based on five years of studying "customs and antiquities" of Scandinavia.

The first passage appears in volume 2, p. 54: They did not care about the allurements and wealth of the world. "There is another life," said the old woman to me; 'let us be good, and love God with all our hearts! ' "

The passage on the epitaph appears in volume 2, p. 347; Jewett has not presented it exactly as it appears in all caps: Here lie / The Swedish Chancellor, Bo Johnson,/ in safety buried, / And His Son Canute./ Armagard, thy wife, follows thee, Canute.

Longfellow's: Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Key to Correspondents.

laws of association: It is not clear whether Jewett refers to the formal ideas about what brings ideas into mental connection as formulated by Aristotle, John Locke and others. Though she uses the term, it is not certain that she is aware of their work.

(— And: This and the remaining parenthesis marks in this letter were penciled by Fields.

Good Literature: This weekly magazine, published in New York by the Good Literature Publishing Company, seems to have gone by this name for only a short time: 1881-1883. It later took a new title, *Critic,* though it is not clear quite how and when this happened. Jewett seems unlikely to have been writing about it to Fields until at least the time of planning their trip to Europe in the spring of 1882.

Queen Anne and her Kingdom of Letters: Jewett could be whimsically referring to Annie Fields, suggesting that she has appeared in some significant way in a current issue of *Good Literature*. Or perhaps she refers to a friend of Fields, Anne Thackeray Ritchie. However no significant appearance of either has yet been discovered in the 1882 volume. Or, perhaps, she refers to an actual Queen Anne.

Mary: Mary Rice Jewett. Key to Correspondents.

G.L.: Presumably meaning *Good Literature*.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Annie Fields (Adams) 1834-1915, recipient. 194 letters; 1877-1909 & [n.d.] Sarah Orne Jewett correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

John Greenleaf Whittier to Sarah Orne Jewett

Danvers

5 Mo. 13, 1882

My dear Friend

How kind it was in thee to write me amidst the worries and cares of preparation for thy flitting across the water,* and to add to all thy troubles the necessity of entertaining dull company by inviting me to South Berwick. I know it ~~would it~~ would be wickedly selfish of me to accept such

[*Page 2*]

an invitation, but I certainly should do it if I could. Fortunately for thee, I have been kept back by illness, and the north-east winds blowing over all the icebergs between here and the Pole. And then I must be in Amesbury next week, in attendance upon our Quaker Quarterly Meeting,* and to meet my niece Lizzie,* & my

[*Page 3*]

brother* if he is able to get there.

So, I must let thee go with my written benediction,* and with grateful thanks for thy books, and still more for thyself. I am always and affectionately thy friend

John G. Whittier

Notes

the water: Jewett and Fields departed on their first voyage to Europe on about 24 May 1882.

Quaker Quarterly Meeting: Whittier was a member of the Society of Friends (Quakers). Quarterly meetings of the Society of Friends are gatherings of regional representatives to worship and conduct business.

niece Lizzie: Richard Cary says: "Elizabeth Hussey (1843-1909) was the daughter of Whittier's brother Matthew and namesake of his sister. She assumed the other "Lizzie's" place in Whittier's household from 1864 to 1876, the year she married Samuel T. Pickard, editor of the *Portland Transcript* and, later, biographer of Whittier. This letter appears in Pickard's biography, *Life and Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier*, II, pp. 679-680.

my brother: Whittier's brother, Matthew, died on 7 January 1883.

written benediction: Richard Cary notes: "Whittier wrote the sonnet "Godspeed" for "my friends Annie Fields and Sarah Orne Jewett" on the occasion of their first departure for Europe in 1882. Not to be outdone, Miss Jewett eulogized him in "The Eagle Trees," *Harper's*, LXVI (March 1883), 608." See Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett of 24 March 1882.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the South Berwick Public Library, South Berwick, ME.

Transcription by John Richardson.

Celia Thaxter to Annie Adams Fields

May 14th Shoals.

[*1882*]*

My dearest:

How glad I am to have your letter telling me of your visit to Mrs P.!* How interesting it all is! How good you are to tell me! The Pinafore* is going to Ports. to take poor Bernt Ingebertsen,* my poor sweet little [Antomina's *?*] father, to Somerville — Poor child, her heart is almost broken & I ache for her — it is a terrible hard place for her to get over & while I try to cheer her I feel all the time how hopeless it is — Time — time — that is all — Time will soothe her sorrow{.}

[*Page 2*]

I am so glad Rose & Mr Darrah* have met & "talked it over"! I want to hear from Rose, & shall try to get time to write. — I heard from the dear owl* & I wrote — but oh, we seem so far away! days & days before we get a mail! Everything, all time, is so uncertain, without the postman most especially!

The song sparrows are singing thro' all this cold storm— what a cold storm! Like December— Julia's* garden & mine are chilled & discouraged — but the sun will shine by & bye —

Dear Annie I cannot realise the

[*Page 3*]

time is so close for your going* — dear me, whatever shall we all do when you are away! Don't get too tired before you go — easy to say, but hard to prevent, I know — but do remember what J.* said, Flower dear.

I have written this note with an accompaniment of poor Mina's sobs, which she [mainly *?*] tries to control, as she goes about her work — They are bringing her father from Smutty-nose & will stop here for the mail. O poor child — it is worse than death. I look at my poor Karl* at work near me on his machine, & think what may be before me. I pity the poor girl with more than common pity. Their little home was so sweet, they were so happy — this poor man only asked for leave to work like a galley slave— it was his joy— And now he is nothing{.}

[*Page 4*]

Dearest, give my love to Pinny & write to me, but dont take your minutes from rest, you kind dear

Your loving

C.

Notes

1882: Boston Public Library places this letter in 1882. This is reasonable because Thaxter refers to Fields going away for some time; Fields and Sarah Orne Jewett sailed together for Europe in May 1882.

Mrs P: EKC, the original transcriber, identifies this person as Mrs. Paine, presumably Mary Elizabeth Greeley (1836-1920), the wife of John

Knowles Paine (1839-1906), an American composer who also served as professor of music at Harvard University. Both were regular summer visitors at the Isles of the Shoals.

However, it seems more likely that she refers to the spirit medium, Jennie Potter, whom Thaxter mentions in her letter to Fields of 24 May. See the notes for that letter.

Pinafore: The Laighton brothers' steam tug that ran irregularly between Portsmouth, NH and Appledore.

Bernt Ingebertsen: This name is sometimes spelled "Ingebretsen." Norma Mandel, in *Beyond the Garden Gate* pp. 80-3, names the Ingebretsens as among the early Norwegian immigrants on the Isles of the Shoals. Ingebertson apparently has been living on Smutty-nose, one of the Shoals islands.

Mandel notes that several members of another family, the Berntsens, suffered from mental illness.

Somerville, MA was then home to the Asylum for the Insane, now the McLean Hospital.

Rose & Mr. Darrah: The context makes clear that Thaxter refers to her friend, Rose Lamb. Rosanna/Rose Lamb (1843-1927) was a prominent American artist. Lamb, like Thaxter, was a student of William Morris Hunt. Annie Fields memorialized Robert Kendall Darrah (181822 May 1885) in an obituary.

Thaxter seems to be collecting impressions from her various friends who have consulted Mrs. Potter, including Fields, Lamb, Darrah and Jewett.

owl: Thaxter is using intimate nicknames shared among Jewett, Fields and herself. Owl and Pinny are Jewett; Flower is Fields; Sandpiper is Thaxter. Key to Correspondents.

Julia's: Julia Laighton. Key to Correspondents.

your going: Fields and Sarah Orne Jewett sailed together for Europe on about 24 May 1882

J.: James T. Fields, deceased husband of Annie Fields. And here Thaxter refers to Fields by one of her nicknames, Flower. Key to Correspondents.

Mina: Mina Berntsen is mentioned often in *Letters of Celia Thaxter* (1895). See also Norma Mandel, *Beyond the Garden Gate* pp. 80-3. The use of names is confusing. Mandel says that Mina Berntsen was the daughter of Ben Berntsen, but this letter says that she is a daughter of Bernt Ingebertsen. Mandel identifies the Ingebretsons and the Berntsens as different families.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Boston Public Library, Rare Books Department, Celia Thaxter correspondence with Annie Fields, 1869-1893, MS C.1.38 Box 2 Folder 2 (174-190).

Sarah Orne Jewett to John Greenleaf Whittier

South Berwick

16 May

[*1882*]*

My dear friend

I have nothing to say about your brother and your niece — but as for the northeast wind and the Quarterly meeting* I have no patience with them!

I do wish with all my heart that it had been possible for you to come and if you should find a day when you can get away I do wish I could see

[*Page 2*]

you here — You know you can take the Eastern R.R. and come straight here — I would give anything if I could manage to get to Amesbury but though I am not really so busy with doing things with my two hands as one might suppose — it seems necessary for me to be here. Just

[*Page 3*]

now we begin to feel sure of what has been vague before {—} that I am to be away for a good while — and people are going and coming from the house beside, though the last of the week I do not think there will be any guests —

You don't know what a happy two days I have just had with our dear A. F.* who came down to spend Sunday

[*Page 4*]

with me — She and my mother naturally felt like knowing each other before I go away with her — It was grey, chilly weather but we took a drive down Sligo Point which she wished to see on your account as well as mine, and she went away quite in love with the Berwick country — and looking delightfully rested beside. I do not think she worries

[*Page 5*]

now about going away. We were always talking about you!

—— Now here in the envelope are some verses* I hope you will like a little — for I am sure you will read the love I have for you between lines that may be full of faults, and in a damaged state, if you look at them only as literature! Mrs. Fields and I didn't see any eagles though we looked

[*Page 6*]

with all our eyes for them on Sunday — The verses are to be printed in Harper's by and by — that is if you do not say no yourself to Mr. Alden.*

And now goodbye and God bless you if I don't see you again, though I cling to the hope that I may. You have made ^life on^ this side of the sea, and my dear New England, mean so much more to me that I am sure that however far away I shall wander it will never be away from you.

Yours aff'ly,

S. O. J.

Notes

1882: Richard Cary assigned this date, because Jewett speaks of her approaching departure for Europe with Annie Adams Fields.

Quarterly Meeting: Whittier was a member of the Society of Friends (Quakers). Quarterly meetings of the Society of Friends are gatherings of regional representatives to worship and conduct business.

A.F.: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

verses: As Cary says, this poem probably was "The Eagle Trees: to J.G.W." which appeared in *Harper's* nearly a year later, in March 1883.

Alden: Henry Mills Alden. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Phillips Library at Peabody Essex Museum / Phillips Library, Salem, MA. A previous transcription by Richard Cary appears in "'Yours Always Lovingly': Sarah Orne Jewett to John Greenleaf Whittier," *Essex Institute Historical Collections* 107 (1971): 412-50. New transcription and notes.

Celia Thaxter to Annie Adams Fields
Fragment*

Shoals. [17th *corrected from* 18 *?*] May — [*1882*]

Your little pencil note was so welcome! You dear, to think of me & write! I'm so glad you had a good time with Sarah — Of course she was lovely & all her "places" beautiful in rain or shine — I think of you every minute!

18th — How near the time comes! I am so sorry I can't stand on the wharf & wave to you and owlet to the last glimmering speck — Strange to say I like to do this thing, like to hold on to my loves as long as light will let me, till distance devours them from me. I had a letter from Mr. Whittier* — he says he is coming

[*Page 2*]

here in June, or first July. Your ears should have [shut *?*] about that time! He seems to be satisfied with us & our belief!* I shall love to see him — But, dear me, I think there will never be any summer —! Something is the matter with the world & the weather! the bitter east never ceases blowing & the sun won't shine — Our gardens are blighted with frost, Julia's & mine. She sent to Vick* (and now Vick is dead, too!) and got roses & lilies & daffydowndillies, her garden is full, but deary me! not a blink of warmth or sun! But she's so happy, she needs no sun, tho' her plants do. I wish you could have seen her & my mother* last night planting a waterlily in a tub by the garden fence! It was a subject!

[*Page 3*]

Do scribble me a line in the shelter of the smokestack some day & send from Queenstown. Do!

Notes

fragment: This letter was selected and edited for inclusion in *Letters of Celia Thaxter*, edited by her friends A.F. and R.L. (Annie Fields and Rose Lamb), where it was placed with letters of 1882. This placement is correct, as indicated by Thaxter's references to the imminent departure of Fields and Sarah Orne Jewett on their first voyage together to Europe.

The manuscript includes a number of marks and notes, presumably by Fields and Lamb to guide the publication. These are not included in this transcription.

Sarah: Sarah Orne Jewett. Key to Correspondents. Later, she is referred to by her nickname, "owlet."

Whittier: John Greenleaf Whittier. Key to Correspondents.

our belief: Probably Thaxter refers to her increasing interest in Spiritualism, reflected in other letters from this year between Thaxter, Whittier, Jewett and Fields.

Vick: James Vick (1818-1882) was a Rochester, NY seedsman. He was editor of the *Genesee Farmer* and *Vick's Illustrated Monthly*.

my mother: Thaxter's mother died in November 1877, five years before this letter. Her mother in the garden would have to be an apparition.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, California: James Thomas Fields Papers and Addenda (1767-1914), mss FI 1-5637, Box 63 FI 1- 4214.

Fields and Lamb Transcription for *Letters of Celia Thaxter*

Note that this paragraph was taken from two different letters.

To Annie Fields. Shoals, May 18, 1882.

How near the time comes! I am so sorry I can't stand on the wharf and wave to you and Sarah to the last glimmering speck. Strange to say, I like to do this thing, like to hold on to my loves as long as light will let me, till distance devours them from me. I had a letter from Mr. Whittier; he says he is coming here in June, or first July. But, dear me, I think there will never be any summer! something is the matter with the world and the weather; the bitter east never ceases blowing, and the sun won't shine. Our gardens are blighted with frost, Julia's and mine. She sent to Vick (and now Vick is dead, too!) and got roses and lilies and daffydowndillies. Her garden is full, — but, deary me! not a blink of warmth or sun! But she's so happy she needs no sun, though her plants do. It was really bright yesterday, though so cold. At night a wondrous flaming sunset, but the robin sang of rain all day. I never saw the coast so clear in all my life. We saw the White Mountains, Washington and Jefferson, and saw the buildings on the top of Mount Washington with a glass! That is something I never expected to see! We could hardly believe our eyes. I wonder what convulsion of nature will transpire! This morning it is black and bitter as December.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Adams Fields
Fragment

[*May 1882*]*

Sunday Dearest Fuff —

I was so sorry after I had sent the letter that I wrote at night it is little use to write those things that after all can only be said. But I know that these times of depression are largely physical with you. Don't think that I am unfeeling if I say that it is not only your sorrow when you feel as if your surroundings are all wrong and you yourself all wrong and unfitted, in 'such a final way.' I begged you before you went to Manchester to remember that this time of reaction and distaste was sure to come. You worked very hard the last two or three weeks in town and I saw what was coming. At such times whatever makes you unhappy and especially your sorrow and loss are sure to seem sharper than ever. And I say again that the last of your summer is going to be happier and better than this first month, dear darling. Forgive me if I ever forget how sad your heart is but when it is so much to me to have you and to be with you I do forget sometimes that in a certain way it is less to you than to me. But I thank Heaven that I am anything to you, and that is enough. Yet if I have learned anything it is this, that such times of dissatisfaction and suffering have <u>always</u> come to you, and they are not only part of these few years, but are the law of your nature and of every nature that is being taught the deeper lessons of life. The toil of the spirit on its upward way, the fulfillment of its duties and realization of its [*deleted word*] visions sometimes strains the poor body beyond

Note from an earlier transcriber

An Incomplete* Letter from Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Fields. It is not clear where the remainder of this letter is. The collection has some individual pages and it is possible that the closing is there... 8 5 02. Though undated, it clearly is from after the death of James T. Fields in April of 1881, after which Annie went through bouts of depression and despair over her loss.

New notes

May 1882: The reference to the first month of summer and the promise that later summer will be better suggests that Jewett refers to a planned trip to Europe for summer of 1882.

The manuscript of this letter is at the University of New England, Maine Women Writers Collection, Jewett Collection correspondence corr059-soj-af.08. New transcription and notes.

Celia Thaxter to Annie Adams Fields

Shoals. 18th May.

(82

My dear, my dear!

I wonder if you will get this! I had to send a little word to meet you over there — when you get it you & Pinny* will have passed all that weltering brine & be so glad to be in that wonderful new, old world — I shall pine for the first word from you & for all the words you can send me — I know you will write any odd moment, for you know how glad I shall be to get any scrap, any word, any how! I shall miss you so, you sweet darling. I shall think of you every day & every hour. And I shall write every week. Do give my love to Georgina Hogarth & Mrs Ritchie, if you see them, & the Lowes Dickensons,* who love you & J. so much. God Bless you & Pinny my sweet, dear precious, ever beloved Annie.

Your C.

Notes

Pinny: Thaxter is using an intimate nickname shared among Jewett, Fields and herself. Pinny is Jewett. Key to Correspondents.

Georgina Hogarth & Mrs Ritchie ... the Lowes Dickensons: Wikipedia says: "Georgina Hogarth (1827-1917) was the sister-in-law, housekeeper, and adviser of English novelist Charles Dickens and the editor of two volumes of his collected letters after his death."

Wikipedia also says: "Anne Isabella, Lady Ritchie, née Thackeray (1837-1919), was an English writer. She was the eldest daughter of William Makepeace Thackeray. She was the author of several novels which were highly regarded in their time, and a central figure in the late Victorian literary scene. She is perhaps best remembered today as the custodian of her father's literary legacy, and for her short fiction placing traditional fairy tale narratives in a Victorian milieu."

Lowes Cato Dickinson (1819-1908) was a British portrait painter and Christian socialist, founder of the Working Men's College of London. He married Margaret Ellen Williams. Thaxter seems clearly to have spelled the name "Dickenson."

J.: James T. Fields, Fields's deceased husband. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Boston Public Library, Rare Books Department, Celia Thaxter correspondence with Annie Fields, 1869-1893, MS C.1.38 Box 2 Folder 2 (174-190).

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett

[*1882*]*

[*Begin Letterhead*] THE ASSOCIATED CHARITIES OF BOSTON [*Deleted*]

———

President: Robert Treat Paine, Jr., 16 Pemberton Square.

Secretary: George A. Goddard, 50 Equitable Building.

Treasurer: Darwin E. Ware, 53 Devonshire Street.

Registrar and Ass't Treasurer: Zilpha D. Smith.

[5 Ave Hotel* *handwritten to the right of the above list*]

Central Office and Registration,

Room 41, Charity Building.

Boston, [Wednesday *handwritten on blank line*] 188

[Morning *handwritten*]

[*End letterhead*]

Dear O.P.

[My *corrected*] dress and your letter came all right — thank you ever so much. We were both awfully tired coming on and were glad to get here and go to bed though that is a splendid train. We have just come down to breakfast and are going to the steamer afterward. It is a lovely bright day and Mrs. Fields* and I both send love. I have only a stub of a pencil so can't write much of a note. The leaves are all out here and it is quite summerlike.

Mrs. Burleigh is at the next table and Sally just came to speak to me. Mr. Rollins is with them. Good bye with lots of love for all — from the Queen.

Notes

1882: This date is added in another hand. The letter is composed in pencil. Even though the borrowed letterhead is from Boston, Jewett writes from New York City.

5 Ave Hotel: Wikipedia says: "The Fifth Avenue Hotel was a luxury hotel located at 200 Fifth Avenue in Manhattan, New York City from 1859 to 1908. It occupied the full Fifth Avenue frontage between 23rd Street and 24th Street, at the southwest corner of Madison Square."

Mrs. Fields: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

Mrs. Burleigh … Sally … Mr. Rollins: Mrs. Burleigh may be South Berwick neighbor Matilda Buffum (1823-1911), widow of John Holmes Burleigh (1822-1877), a Maine congressman. See Wikipedia.

Sally probably is the Burleigh's daughter, Sarah Elizabeth Burleigh Davidson (1863-1929).

In her letter of 31 May 1882, Annie Fields mentions Ashton Rollins.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University in Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Mary Rice Jewett 1847-1930, recipient, 40 letters; 1877-1892 & n.d. Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

Sarah Orne Jewett to Caroline Frances Perry Jewett*

Scythia,* N.Y. Harbor

[1882 *added in pencil*]

Dear Mar!

This is for a last note — you won't get any later particulars until I get across. Mr. Rollins* is very nice tell Uncle Wm and Mr. Kidder of Kidder, Peabody & Co* is going

[*Page 2*]

too and he is a great friend of Mrs. Fields* so we should be looked after all right. Love to everybody at our house & Caddie & to John & Ann* — The steamer is splendid and I only [2 *circled above only*] hope it will be as nice

[*Page 3*]

as this all the way! We have got to house keeping in our stateroom. They said the Bothnia* had a very smooth passage & she got in only yesterday — Good by dear Mar. Thank you and Mary* so much for the [prisent *so spelled*]. It was nice

[*Page 4*]

of Jim and Sadie* to come and Bill Flagg & his daughter.* Mr. Alden of Harper's* came to see us off — yours always lovingly,

Sarah

Mrs. Fields sends love —

Notes

Caroline Frances Perry Jewett: Jewett's mother. See Theodore Herman Jewett in Key to Correspondents.

Scythia: The *S. S. Scythia*, sister ship to the *Bothnia* (see below), a Cunard Line passenger ship, went into service in 1874. Until 1884, the ship carried passengers between New York City and Liverpool, then changed its route to Boston and Liverpool.

Uncle Wm: William Durham Jewett. Key to Correspondents.

Mr. Rollins ... Mr. Kidder of Kidder, Peabody & Co: In her letter of 31 May 1882, Annie Fields mentions Ashton Rollins.

For Mr. Kidder see notes for Sarah Orne Jewett to Caroline Frances Perry Jewett of about 24 May 1882.

Mrs. Fields: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

Caddie & to John & Ann: Carrie (sometimes called Caddie) Jewett Eastman and John Tucker. Ann was a Jewett family employee, possibly Annie Collins. Key to Correspondents.

Bothnia: According to Wikipedia, the "*SS Bothnia* was a British steam passenger ship that sailed on the trans-Atlantic route between Liverpool and New York City or Boston. The ship was built by J & G Thomson of Clydebank, and launched on 4 March 1874 for the British & North American Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, which became the Cunard Line in 1879."

Mary: Mary Rice Jewett. Key to Correspondents.

Jim and Sadie: The identity of this couple is unknown. However, it is possible they are Jewett's cousins, Sarah (Sadie) Jane McHenry Howell and her brother, James Orne McHenry (1847-1933). Key to Correspondents.

Bill Flagg & his daughter: These persons remain unknown.

Mr. Alden of Harper's: Henry Mills Alden. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University in Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Mary Rice Jewett 1847-1930, recipient, 40 letters; 1877-1892 & n.d. Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

Celia Thaxter to Annie Adams Fields

1

Shoals.

May 24th 82

Your dear note, my Annie, & I am so rejoicing that you & Pinny* have a bright day on which to sail today— it has been so long dark & drear — I imagine you on the great ship, with the bright tossing water every where, far & near — How gladly I would be there too!

I am saddened by the news in yesterday's mail, of George Folsom's death,* saddened for myself & all my family, not for him — He was every thing to Mr Thaxter & the boys, the sweetest nature, adored in our household: my big bearded boys when they rushed to welcome him would clasp & kiss him like a girl — He spent last summer at the farm

2

a few weeks he was here with his mother, — he was so dear a companion entering into everything going on at the farm, haying or hoeing or whatever, so delighted to help & so deep a scholar, knowing all sorts of things & ready with every possible information for everybody on any kind of subject — the rarest creature! When I gave Karl* his father's letter he was so overpowered at the news it contained I thought he would have fallen from his chair — It was real anguish. Then the tears rolled down. I said, "Poor Fossom!" That is what the boys called him when they were babies & they always have kept the name. "Poor Fossom!" he said — "Poor us, you mean! He is all right & happy, but what shall we do without him?"

3

I would give the world to go to Mrs Potter* now! I had a letter from Rose with a message from W.M.H.* — it was a most interesting letter — I think Rose's experiences are more striking than any one's. She spoke of [Mr *corrected*] D.* & his joy in it all — I am so glad they have this great comfort! W.'s message was Remember me to Celia — I know how lonely how lost & how hungry she is, but she is going to have very near communication with her mother who is most anxious for it for her sake, not only intellectual communication such as you are having & she has had, but absolute, actual, tangible [manifestation *?*] of her existence".

I have had a terrible note from Lizzie Greene* entreating me to "escape from the contagion of this thing"! "You cannot think seriously of it," she says. {"}If you cannot say no, do not write to me at all!" My devoted friend of years!

4

Well — such is life. She does not know, that's all.

Dear Flower, dear owlet, I shall long to hear from you! What a long time it must be first { — } I kiss you both & love you & bless you — I am your faithful

[*Initials* C. *and* T. *superimposed*]

Notes

Pinny: Thaxter is using intimate nicknames shared among Jewett, Fields and herself. Pinny and Owl/Owlet are Jewett; Flower is Fields; Sandpiper is Thaxter. Key to Correspondents.

George Folsom's death: George McKean Folsom (1837- 20 May 1882). Historian and clergyman, George Folsom had served as a tutor to Thaxter's brothers, Oscar and Cedric. See *Report of the Class of 1857 in Harvard College*, pp. 46-51.

Mrs Potter: It seems very likely that Thaxter refers to a public spirit medium then working in Boston, Jennie Potter. Though little is known about her, several others have recorded encounters with her. See *Light* 1:1 (1881), p. 78, and *Facts* 2-3 (1883) p. 164.

Rose ... W.M.H. ... D.: In her letter to Fields of 14 May, Thaxter said she was pleased that Fields had consulted Mrs. P., presumably Jennie Potter. In that letter, she reports receiving accounts of sittings with Potter from Jewett, Rose Lamb, and Robert Kendall Darrah (1818-22 May 1885). Lamb has conveyed to Thaxter a message from the American artist William Morris

Hunt (1824-1879), a deceased friend and mentor for Thaxter, Lamb and Darrah's wife, Ann Sophia Towne Darrah.

Lizzie Greene: Thaxter corresponded with a Lizzie/Lizzy Greene, but this person's identity is not yet known. There was a Lizzie Greene living in Boston at this time, Elizabeth Martha De Witt Wellington Greene (b. 1842). She was estranged from her second husband, Duff Greene.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Boston Public Library, Rare Books Department, Celia Thaxter correspondence with Annie Fields, 1869-1893, MS C.1.38 Box 2 Folder 2 (174-190).

Annie Adams Fields to Mary Rice Jewett

On board the steamer Scythia

May 31st 1882.

Dear Mary;

I was truly pleased that you should have thought of my comfort at the last moment when you had so much to absorb your thoughts, and I was as glad to have the little case as if I had brought it — but I knew it would become perfectly shabby by being crushed into my bag and used on ship. Sarah and I think such a dainty is much better fitted for short visits to friendly houses — for instance to South Berwick! So that shall be put to another and more immediate

[*Page 2*]

use as Sarah and Cora* planned. It was hard getting away from you all even though — we went laden with your tokens and with flowers; ~~and~~ Sarah wrote you about our getting to New York. The day of sailing was [resplendently *?*] beautiful and for two days the sea was like a mountain lake, we would see the birds reflected in the still waves and would move about and read and go to the table just as if the Atlantic ocean were a mill=pond. After that however the skies clouded{,} the rain began to fall, almost everybody was more or less sick except Sarah{,} Liza and myself, and the ship was presented to view long rows of disconsolate{.}*

[*Page 3*]

Anything more utterly [lazy *?*] and drowny than the life is would be impossible to conceive — one may possibly bear being read <u>to</u> perchance during a lively half hour but the effort of reading to oneself is generally recognized as prodigious. Sarah's friend, Mr Ashton Rollins* amuses us by making out his programme for the day much as follows — "Tomorrow will read the New York Herald, next day call~~d~~ on the captain, day after speak with Mr. Jones, etc: Your friend Mrs Burleigh* is here with her children and is very agreeable; indeed it is a pleasant ship's company —

[*Page 4*]

but we find there is great safety in keeping quiet so except for this scribble to you we have done nothing with the most wonderful assiduity. You would be amused to see the gratified ambition which possesses us when we have taken off our night caps and put on our day ditto and planted ourselves on deck. We wear the aspect of [mortals *?*] of which nothing further may be expected{.}

Please give my love to your mother — Sarah sends hers with it of course — We

[*Page 5*]

have already talked over my pleasant Sunday with you. Remember me also to Mr. & Mrs. Eastman.* We shall soon hope to hear she is much better. If I could [congeal *?*] a bit of the wave before me you would say it was <u>lapis lazuli</u>: are we not more than fortunate to have such a passage. With every best wish affectionately yours

Annie Fields.

Notes

Sarah and Cora: Sarah Orne Jewett and Cora Clark Rice. Key to Correspondents.

disconsolate: Fields may have written "disconsolatee."

Ashton Rollins:

Burleigh: Mrs. Burleigh probably was South Berwick neighbor Matilda Buffum (1823-1911), widow of John Holmes Burleigh (1822-1877), a Maine congressman.

Eastman: The youngest Jewett sister, Caroline Jewett Eastman and her husband Edwin Eastman.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 7, Item 344, IV. Letters to Mary Rice Jewett.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Caroline Frances Perry Jewett

At Sea June 1st 1882

Dear Mother

I might have written sooner but I thought it would be fun not to write any letters for a week and I haven't touched a pen since I started — I am afraid it will cause you a dreadful disappointment, but I have not been seasick at all! Two very rough days I felt disposed to keep still! and all the time I have been as lazy as a 'Mahon Soldier'* but we have both kept very well and have eaten all our meals, which sometimes were very well helped out with lunches in between and suppers before we went to bed! I didn't know how tired I was until I really had nothing

[*Page 2*]

to do, and we stay on deck all day long in the sun and wind and hate to go down into the stuffy staterooms. The moonlight nights are perfectly beautiful and some days the sea has been lovelier than you can imagine particularly while we were in the Gulf Stream [where *corrected*] water was so blue and the waves so white that they dazzled your eyes. We are having a very long passage because the Captain was so afraid of running into icebergs and steered south a hundred and fifty miles — We saw two icebergs after all and wished they had been a little nearer though I could get a pretty good idea of what they are

[*Page 3*]

2

like. Before we caught sight of them we got into their trail of fog and after we passed that the air was bitter cold for an hour or two — Once in a while we pass a steamer and the first three or four days we saw a good many ships and barks under full sail and I do think a big ship on the 'high seas' is a splendid sight. The steamers never stop now to speak them as they used. We have had head winds all the time and the Scythia is not a fast sailer so with all this and the southerly course we shall not get in until Saturday — We are going to Killarny to spend Sunday — and have decided not

[*Page 4*]

to try to get to London before the 12th or 13th which will give us quite enough time in Ireland. Liza has been so nice and you would think she had been round the world two or three times she takes to travelling so well. We see a good deal of Mr. Kidder* who is very nice and so is Mr. Rollins, and Mrs Burleigh and there is a Miss Dayton and her brother who is going out as a Minister to the Hague, whom we like very much, and we have got acquainted with a good many people more or less interesting. Two or three times a day we go to walk up and down the deck and it is fun to see the steerage passengers — though

[*Page 5*]

[3 *corrected*]

there are never very many going this way you know — The Scythia is about five hundred feet long so one can get a good deal of exercise particularly if the sea is running high! You wouldn't think the waves could stir such a great thing, but it rolls about sometimes like a chip! I dont know that there is anything more to offer at this time — but I can hardly wait to get ashore. I hear we shall get into Queenstown early in the morning and how lovely it will be! I think of you all so much and tell John Mrs. Fields* and I were saying yesterday it would

[*Page 6*]

be good fun if we could have Sheila* and a little dry land and go to ride! Love to Taddy and Uncle William and Ann and Dora and tell Ann I am going to look for a fourleaved shamrock as soon as I go ashore{.} You dont know how lovely Mrs. Fields is — and always doing things for me — She has been reading aloud a good deal while we sit on deck — Some of the people are too lazy to live! [*Three and a half deleted lines*] I hope you dont hate this writing as much as I hate the pen* but there is nothing better. Lots of love to you & O.P. Remember me to Mr. Eastman — and tell him I dont

[*Up the left margin and across the top margin of page 6*]

think I want to go on a voyage round the Horn — though I have proved a good sailor so far! No more at present from (the Queen

[*Page 7*]

Friday morning

[*2 June 1882*]

I am going to [telegraph *corrected*] when we get in to Queenstown. I told Cora* I should ^send it to Boston^ for they would not know the rates to Berwick and Cora will [send *corrected from* sent] it right on. We are delayed by the fog and head wind — and it has been a tiresome sort of voyage though anything is better than being knocked about and seasick - Last night there was a lovely sunset — I hope (with the difference in time) you will get the [telegram *corrected*] early tomorrow. Tell Uncle William how much I like Mr. Rollins as he thought I would — he has been most attentive and kind, and we have had a great deal of fun{.}

Notes

"Mahon Soldier": The proverbial phrase "as lazy as a Mahon soldier," appears somewhat frequently in 19th-century writing. A *Notes and Queries* piece of 29 September 1900 explains that a "Mahon soldier" was "an Indian Mohammedan soldier, whose physical energy was not so great as that of a British soldier" (p. 253). This suggests an origin in British colonial rule in India.

Mr. Kidder ... Mr. Rollins ... Mrs Burleigh: In her letter of 31 May 1882, Annie Fields mentions Ashton Rollins.

For Mr. Kidder see notes for Sarah Orne Jewett to Caroline Frances Perry Jewett of about 24 May 1882.

Matilda Buffum Burleigh (1823-1911) was the widow of John H. Burleigh (1822-1878), the Maine congressman from South Berwick.

Miss Dayton ... the Hague: William Lewis Dayton, Jr. (1839-1897) was an American lawyer, judge and diplomat. He was Minister to the Netherlands 1882-1885. Wikipedia. His surviving sister was Anna L. Dayton (1836-1924). Find a Grave.

John Mrs Fields: John Tucker and Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

Sheila: Jewett's riding horse.

Taddy and Uncle William and Ann and Dora: Taddy is Caroline Jewett Eastman and Uncle William is William Durham Jewett. Ann probably is Jewett family employee, Annie Collins. Dora is likely to be another Jewett employee, but she has not yet been identified. Key to Correspondents.

pen: Jewett's handwriting is light enough that it appears to be in pencil.

Cora: Cora Lee Clark Rice. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 6, Item 263: Six letters to Caroline Frances Perry Jewett.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett

Imperial Hotel – Cork*

3rd June [— 1882 *added in pencil*]

Dear O.P.I think I never felt happier in my life than when I was fairly at home and indeed when I came on deck that morning (awfully early you may be sure!) and saw the land and the green fields and the trees! We got off the Scythia* about half past eight or nine and came up Queenstown Harbour* on the tug and landed about eleven. No trouble getting through the custom house and then we started for ‘Corruk’ by rail and Mrs. Fields* and I laughed like two children all the way we were so delighted

[*Page 2*]

with everything. Having left such early Spring behind you can imagine the pleasure of getting into the middle of Summer the fields greener than you ever dreamed of greenness and the buttercups, and daisies & new kinds of flowers, beside all in bloom{.} The trees are beautifully thick-leaved and the park and "gentlemen's pla_ces" were splendid to look at. I wanted to lie down and roll in the grass. Mrs. Fields picked me a dandelion at Queenstown and I never enjoyed a flower more. Anything funnier than the people and the beggars and the houses

[*Page 3*]

you never saw. We were in such gales of laughter over everything. The nice cabins and the pigs and the flock of sheep in the fields and the donkey carts and the old women with [cap borders *?*] and the blessings that were showered on us were all such fun. You wait until you have been sleeping in a state room ten nights! We meant to go to Killarney for Sunday but the train by the pleasantest route had already gone and I said at once we had better stay here and go on

[*Page 4*]

Monday morning. So we shall get rested you know and start fair and we have quite time

enough. Tomorrow we mean to drive out to see Blarney Castle* and the bells of Shandon* and the Country about Cork. Beside Cork itself is very quaint and interesting. How I wish I could show you the people I saw just driving up from the station, but it is no use telling. I have read and read about them but I had to see them — In the cars there were some nice looking people who were chattering

[*Page 5*]

all the way so we have seen all kinds of life. ~~I believe~~ I thought I should eat all I could see at lunch time! It was in the coffee room and there was cold beef, the most delicious you ever saw and other cold meats, and salad and oh such bread and butter!! and I wound up with some cheese and crackers — and the cheese was so good! I am going to have some milk as soon as I can — it must be surprising milk that makes such cheese and butter. You see we got

[*Page 6*]

so tired of the things on the steamers — they tasted as if they had been kept in bureau drawers, the last two or three days. I hope you have got my telegram by this time and know we are all right. I got on very well with the new fashions of travelling and though it gives more trouble than our way, still I shall soon get used to it. You dont have checks, but must go and pick out your

[*Page 7*]

trunks and give orders about them, when they go into the car and come out! Only eight people can sit in a car, but they are very comfortable, you get in on the side. I shall want to be writing you all the time, but I am going so send two letters a week. Tell Taddy* I thought of her when I saw the daisies staring at me! I didn't know they had daisies here. Ask Ann*

[*Page 8*]

what the bushes are that grow all on the hills, covered with bright yellow flowers. It is furze or gorse I don't know which, but it is so pretty. I have seen the old fellows just like David* by the dozen, and I have seen donkeys that would make John* choke himself laughing — about as big as dogs in large ramshackle carts. Goodbye for this time with love to all. I wish you would send this to Cora* when you have read it for I am too tired to write

[*Up the left margin of page 5*]

any more. Tell Ann Ireland is splendid.

Notes

Imperial Hotel, Cork: The Imperial has been a major hotel in Cork, Ireland since 1813.

Scythia: The *S. S. Scythia*, the Cunard Line passenger ship on which Fields and Jewett sailed to Ireland.

Queenstown Harbour: Queenstown is now named Cobh, and is a major tourist seaport town in County Cork, Ireland.

Mrs. Fields: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

Blarney Castle: Wikipedia says:"Blarney Castle ... is a medieval stronghold in Blarney, near Cork, Ireland, and the River Martin. Though earlier fortifications were built on the same spot, the current keep was built by the MacCarthy of Muskerry dynasty, a cadet branch of the Kings of Desmond, and dates from 1446. The Blarney Stone is among the machicolations of the castle."

bells of Shandon: Wikipedia says: "Shandon (Irish: An Seandún meaning "the old fort") is a district in Cork city noted for The Bells of Shandon, a song celebrating the bells of the Church of St Anne written by Francis Sylvester Mahony under the pen name of 'Father Prout'."

Taddy: Taddy is Caroline Jewett Eastman. Key to Correspondents.

Ann: Ann was a Jewett family employee, perhaps Annie Collins. Key to Correspondents.

old fellows just like David: The identity of David is not known.

John: John Tucker. Key to Correspondents.

Cora: Cora Clark Rice. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University in Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Mary Rice Jewett 1847-1930, recipient, 40 letters; 1877-1892 & n.d. Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett

Enniskillen*

8th June 1882

Dear O.P.

I have been telling Mrs. Fields* that it seemed as if I wrote very seldom! but the truth is, instead of its being four or five days since we landed I keep thinking it is four or five weeks — it is all so new and strange and we have seen so much. I posted my last letter at Glengarriff* day before yesterday morning. And we left there at half past nine, hoping with all [all *written twice*] our hearts we may see the Eccles Hotel* again, for a more lovely place isn't in the world!

[*Page 2*]

We happened to wake up very early, so we went up the hill again among the cabins and met old Mrs. Casey* with whom we had made friends the night before. She was so much like old Mrs. Drinan* and we gossipped with her awhile and picked some roses out of the hedges and some daisies and then came down again. Mrs. Fields gave her some money and the good little old soul fell on her knees among the daisies to give us a blessing and wish us a safe return. She was so old-fashioned and solemn and funny about it, and we watched her go off among the furze

[*Page 3*]

driving a calf to pasture and I suppose she would stop at the first best bit of green grass and knit and keep company with the calf. We were dying to see the inside of her cabin but she was already beyond it when we saw her. We got good looks into some of them and I can tell you they aren't crowded with furniture, but they are as pretty to look at and picturesque as some kind of a bird's nest always provided you aren't too near! They are apt to have mud puddles in front at least where ducks and geese enjoy themselves. And when you only see the thatched roofs and white washed walls among the trees the effect is charming —

[*Page 4*]

We were driving most of the day we left Glengarriff through a wonderfully beautiful country, first among farms and then up over the mountains of Killarney.* In the highest part of the hills, just before we began to descend into the Killarney Valley the view was wilder and finer than any mountain view I had ever seen. The roads are the best I ever saw, perfectly smooth and hard and the bridges are all of stone with lovely arches. I counted forty brooks and small streams within not a very great distance. When we were near Killarney we got into a lovely fertile region again and the ivy and honeysuckle were

[*Page 5*]

2

tangled over everything. I do wish mother could see all the honeysuckle growing wild, and just now it is coming into full bloom. Killarney is beautiful of course and the Royal Victoria Hotel* was very pleasant near the shore of the prettiest lake, and kept as beautifully is its park and flower gardens as if it were some private residence. We came the last of the forty miles on a jaunting car which I like better and better to ride on. Next day (yesterday) we came to Dublin and it is altogether the handsomest and most interesting city

[*Page 6*]

I ever saw{.} The public buildings, the custom house, Trinity College [*two deleted words*] are finely carved and decorated. And the river goes right through the heart of the town crossed every little way by handsome great-arched bridges. We took a little stroll ~~I in~~ in the evening up and down one or two streets, and though St. Stephen's Green, a small park on which the hotel fronts. We had a dinner of nine courses at the Shelbourne* and it was so good we are glad to be going back there for Monday night. We came

[*Page 7*]

by Phoenix Park where the murder was.* Every body is still excited over it, but we were told that the murderer will never be found, for the secret society could put the informer to death in a jiffy. All round the city we saw the placard "Ten thousand pounds reward."

The country was all very interesting coming from Killarney. We saw some great ruined castles and abbeys and I hardly know what to tell you about first — everything interests me so much and I learn so much every day. The peat bogs and the cabins and the bridges

[*Page 8*]

the railway-stations and every thing about the trains, and all the towns and people keep me staring and thinking every minute. I get into such frolics over the donkeys and the rooks! These solemn birds are so much funnier than our crows, for they are a good deal shorter and stouter and seem to make a great piece of work

about flying as if they were nice old black silk pincushions trying to waggle up into the air!!

Today we came across country again to the northward and were so much

[*Page 9*]

3

interested in three young Irish ladies who were in the same carriage (or car). They seemed to like so much to talk with us and one of them was so much like Clara Potter of New York.* They lived way out in the country beyond here and I wish we had a chance to see them again. They went off with a man in livery. Two of them were Dublin girls and the other was their cousin & they were going to make her a long visit. They seemed so troubled about the state of things,* and so anxious, and said all these commotions made them such worry and discomfort,

[*Page 10*]

for lots of people have nearly all their incomes cut off, even after they do the best they can for their tenants. Many of them are shiftless and dont like new cabins so well as the old ramshackle ones, and these wild rascals are stirring up the tenants all the time and nobody knows what the end will be. There are four regiments of soldiers now in Dublin barracks, ready to come out at a minute's warning to put down the mob that may appear any day. Yet everything on the surface is quiet and it is hard to realize, going

[*Page 11*]

about as we all do, what a volcano is ready to break out. Of course, as in all such questions there is wrong on both sides, but the Irish mob is a crazy headed one, we all know <u>that</u>!

Enniskillen is a charming old place at the head of a long, narrow pair of lakes (lower and upper Lough [*deleted word*] Erne). The town is on an island, and late in the afternoon we took a boat and were rowed about two miles to see some curious old ruins, one of the famous Irish round towers* which nobody

[*Page 12*]

has ever found out the history of. Nobody knows when they were built or why. Coming back we came around the barracks and [*deleted words*] just on the river side a fragment of an old castle make parts of the building. It was so lovely, with the old gray crumbling stone battlements and an English soldier in his bright red coat leaning over the tower wall. Liza has gone out into the country to find her friends. She charted a 'car' and went off beaming with delight — We shall be here until day after tomorrow

[*Up the left margin of page 9*]

and then go up to Giants Causeway* for Sunday.

[*Up the left margin and down from the left across the top margin of page 1*]

Love to all and please send this to Cora* after you have read it. Mrs. Fields sends love. Tell Ann tomorrow I am going to ride a donkey! And I think it will be better than a "jaunting" car. Love to all, from Sarah

Notes

Enniskillen ... Glengarriff ... the Eccles Hotel: Enniskillen now is in Northern Ireland, Glengarriff, the location of the historic Eccles Hotel, is in County Cork in Ireland.

O.P .: A Jewett nickname for Mary Rice Jewett.

Mrs. Fields: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

old Mrs. Casey … old Mrs. Drinan: The identities of these two women are as yet unknown. However, Mrs. Drinan may be a relative, perhaps the mother, of a Jewett family employee, Catherine/Katy Drinan. Key to Correspondents.

Royal Victoria Hotel: From about 1835 into the 20th Century, the Royal Victoria (since replaced by Castlerosse Hotel) in Killarney was one of the grand hotels of Ireland.

Trinity College ... the Shelbourne: Wikipedia says: "Trinity College ... is the sole constituent college of the University of Dublin, a research university in Ireland. The college was founded in 1592 as the "mother" of a new university, modeled after the collegiate universities of Oxford and of Cambridge, but, unlike these, only one college was ever established; as such, the designations 'Trinity College' and 'University of Dublin' are usually synonymous for practical purposes. It is one of the seven ancient universities of Britain and Ireland, as well as Ireland's oldest university."

Wikipedia also says: "the Shelbourne Hotel was founded in 1824 by Martin Burke, a native of Tipperary, when he acquired three adjoining townhouses overlooking Dublin's St. Stephen's

Green — Europe's largest garden square. Burke named his grand new hotel The Shelbourne, after William Petty, 2nd Earl of Shelburne."

Phoenix Park … murder: Wikipedia says: "The Phoenix Park Murders were the fatal stabbings on 6 May 1882 in the Phoenix Park in Dublin of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Thomas Henry Burke. Cavendish was the newly appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland, and Burke was the Permanent Undersecretary, the most senior Irish civil servant. The assassination was carried out by members of the 'Irish National Invincibles'."

Clara Potter of New York: It seems likely Jewett refers to the painter Clara Sidney Potter Davidge (1858-1921), the daughter of Episcopal Bishop of New York, Henry Codman Potter. Late in her life, she married the painter Henry Fitch Taylor (1853-1925).

state of things: Presumably they refer to the fears associated with the recent murders and with the tensions about Irish home rule during this period.

round towers: The round towers of Ireland now are believed to be bell towers of medieval Christian origin.

Liza: Personal servant of Annie Fields, who accompanied the pair on this trip.

Giants Causeway: Wikipedia says: "The Giant's Causeway is an area of about 40,000 interlocking basalt columns, the result of an ancient volcanic eruption ... It is located in County Antrim on the northeast coast of Northern Ireland, about three miles (4.8 km) northeast of the town of Bushmills."

Cora: Cora Clark Rice. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University in Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Mary Rice Jewett 1847-1930, recipient, 40 letters; 1877-1892 & n.d. Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

Annie Adams Fields to John Greenleaf Whittier

Enniskillen — north of Ireland

June 9th 1882

Lough Erne

Dear Friend:

This is Liza's home* where we have brought her to see her kindred & a happier maiden you never saw than she was at noontime today when we reached the station, unless it was an hour later when she appeared dressed in her best blue dress and with a gold cross hanging by a pretty [chain *corrected*] around her neck to say good bye to us until tomorrow. Her home is nine miles out of town and she must drive thither in a side=car; but she wished us to promise to be ready early in the morning, when having prepared the mind of the family she can take us out to see the place she loves so well. It is not a large town ^[there *?*], nor a clean one^ and the hotel is not ~~a~~ very good ~~one~~ all of which gave her some anxiety and sorrow lest we should not be able to survive over one night !! Her ideas have changed somewhat doubtless ^with years^ beside the gilding her childish memory had laid over everything

[*2*]

and her pleasure in getting home would have been lessened seriously if she had not found us determined to like everything. So she started away with a bright face as I have said ^[*&* *?*]^ with a bag full of presents for her kinsfolk. I think we did not see ~~them~~ all ^the gifts^ but there was a beautiful silk handkerchief "the same on both sides" she bade us observe~~d~~, a ~~hand~~ kerchief=[pin *?*] and other pretty things.

Meanwhile Sarah and I left to our own devices thought we would row out on Lough Erne and go to see a beautiful ruined castle on Devenish Island.* The clouds hung low, but they have done so ever since we touched these shores and [sights *?*] of sunshine shone out now and then. So we ran down to the shore and were pushed off by a young Irishman & rowed along under the arched stone bridges overhung with ivy and past strange old towers grimly reflected in the water, by the side of stone barracks where 400 soldiers !! guard

[*3*]

this perfectly harmless little town, out where only wild ducks were to be seen startled from the reedy banks, or the black bird to be heard singing his sweetest song — on we went silently until we were landed on a green shore sloping gently up, with beautiful cattle browsing everywhere{.} The boatman led the way as we ascended but the towers of Devenish were not that moment to be seen, on and on we went, the grass very wet and the clouds beginning to drop

when just as the rain was washing away every bit of salt we had brought from the ocean the towers of Devenish rose solemnly before us. No one knows the ages or the purpose of these round towers of Ireland but [there *so it appears*] beauty is unquestioned. Remote and uninhabited, indeed with few people even to see it this lovely ruin crumbles day by day. But while we looked the rain fell more and more heavily and we were obliged to turn and leave it uninvaded. It is just as well! The picture will always stay

[*4*]

with us and the song of the blackbird as we passed.

Ireland interests us deeply. I fear the troubles here are not over nor do I think it the safest time in the world to be in Dublin. Trevelyan's* life is anything but secure. The place is full of secret societies powerful enough to support their cause. There are four regiments of soldiers armed there [privately *?*] ready on a moment's call beside officers in citizens' dress, but externally everything is calm as possible{.} I have had some opportunities to talk privately and freely with one or two persons of experience. The owners of the land are many of them absent and their agents have been obliged to fly to Dublin leaving the estates in charge of the "Constabulary."

We met a party of small boys on Sunday near Cork who wanted to pick up a few pennies by bringing us flowers or singing and dancing; when we had exhausted their accomplishments (or they had exhausted us !!) I said

[*5*]

(2

"good by. Perhaps we shall see you some day in America." No, ma'am was the answer we are going to stay here. "What shall you do here", I said. "Be land laygers* ma'am!" they replied. Where is it all to end! I really had no idea of the condition of things; it is more like the feudal times. The beauty and richness of the estates, the luxury of their owners and the poverty and dependence of the people, hear of it as much as we can, really must be seen, I believe, (by a more fortunate people, educated as we had been,) to be understood.

We have been to a place on the southern shore called Glengarriff, one of the most beautiful places possible for the mind of man to conceive —, (Aubrey de Vere* has written delightfully of it and so has Thackeray) we wandered away from the hotel and gardens, up a little foot way, passed thatched roofed huts and talked with the people. They were better off there

[6]

because the hotel gave them some labor, but the children go to America as they grow up and the old people and babies are left to struggle with their fate as they may, living hand in hand with pigs and goats, the huts for the one being hardly better than those for the other and sometimes they seemed to share common ground.

Fortunately or unfortunately the climate is so beautiful that life is not hard. We left Boston the 24th of May and the leaves were just out, at Cork we ate new potatoes for dinner and found roses blooming and the whole world carpeted with buttercups and daisies. It seemed a miracle of beauty.

Dear Sarah* looks a great deal better already. She

[7]

enjoys everything with the keenest delight — thinks Cork the centre of the universe!! until she sees Glengarriff and then concludes we ought to pass the summer there and write you several letters at once to try to tell you how wonderful it is. On the whole however just at present I believe she thinks Dublin the [most *corrected*] interesting place if it be not Enniskillen!!

But I must not write any longer just now; I wanted to send you our dear love and to tell you how we talk of you almost every day{.}

[8]

So this is all I may send tonight though I meant to write you chiefly of the Lhaudon church. Sometime perhaps we may talk of that!

Once more and always

most affectionately

your

Annie Fields

Notes

Devenish Island: On this island there is a ruin of a monastery that looks like a castle.

Trevelyan's: British civil servant, Sir Charles Edward Trevelyan, 2nd Baronet (1838-1928).

Wikipedia says he was Chief Secretary for Ireland, 1882-1884.

laygers: This transcription is uncertain, but it seems likely the boys refer to the Irish National Land League. Wikipedia says the Land League was a "political organisation of the late 19th century which organised tenant farmers in their resistance to exactions of landowners. Its primary aim was to abolish landlordism in Ireland and enable tenant farmers to own the land they worked on."

Aubrey de Vere ... Thackeray: Anglo-Irish poet Sir Aubrey de Vere, 2nd Baronet (1788-1846) and British novelist William Makepeace Thackeray (1811-1863).

Sarah: Sarah Orne Jewett. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. Pickard-Whittier papers: MS Am 1844. Box 2, Item 122. Fields, Annie (Adams) 1834-1915. 61 letters; 1873-1892.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Caroline Frances Perry Jewett

Dublin Monday 12 June

1882*

Dear Mother

So much happens every day that the days each seem a week long. I sent the last letter just as we got to Enniskillen. We really did have a beautiful time there! In the first place we lived on trout chiefly, and one whole day we spent out at Blacklion where Liza's* family live — We took a drive round Robin Hood's barn* to get there, seeing all the country as we went along, and going through Lord Enniskillen's beautiful park "Florence court" for one thing — The house is a perfect palace — we walked about a little but it was

[*Page 2*]

raining fast all the early part of the day so we had to keep as dry as we could in the covered car — we meant to go out in a jaunting car which would have been a great deal better fun — Liza's people were very well today and we were most joyfully entertained and they were such nice [*deletion*] kindhearted souls! The Uncle is the parish schoolmaster and they have a farm beside and live high up on the side of a hill — It was a thatched [*deletion*] cabin though it was larger than most ^with a delightful peat fire!^ and had rooms upstairs which is unusual — We were treated

[*Page 3*]

with great ceremony and feasted at intervals all the afternoon on the [most *corrected*] delicious milk and oatcake and little roasted chickens about as big as partridges and cakes and something to take! I had every privilege of riding a donkey which was the jolliest fun that ever was — and I wish you could have seen Mrs. Fields* laugh! It was only a middlesized donkey — and it was a good deal like riding a dog! We came into Enniskillen in the cars and Liza did not appear until next day. She had nearly three days and it

[*Page 4*]

was a beautiful visit — She went stravaging all over the country — I wish you had seen her two cousins coming out to meet us — with their hands crossed in front of them and when they got near us they dropped a courtesy exactly together as if they had been practising it — Saturday was fair day which was great luck — and the country people were going down the street past the hotel all the morning — some of them much excited* — and they were driving cattle and horses and making a

[*Page 5*]

2

great day of it — We left at eleven, and went to Londonderry where we drove across the city (tell Ann.) and I think it is a beautiful place. I picked a sprig of hawthorne (or may) for her there — and I wish you would tell her that I had a big shamrock all ready to send her when I was in Cork and it got thrown away by mistake, and I was ever so sorry — I thought I should get one in the North then, but they weren't in bloom except some I saw one day when it was raining too hard for me to get out for them — I hope she will like this piece of a hedge

[*Page 6*]

^I send it in a newspaper.^

just as well and some little flowers I picked in the North, a bit of gorse and some daisies — I had primrose too, but they wizzled all up. I didn't go very near where Ann lived, but you must tell her how much I like the country — The hedges are

just coming into bloom and the gorse is in bloom and the farms looked splendidly —

— We went to Portrush Saturday night and found it bleak and cold then with the wind blowing off the sea, and Sunday we drove out to the

[*Page 7*]

Giants Causeway — about seven miles — stopping on the way at Dunluce Castle* — which is said to be one of the most interesting ruins in the island{.} Nobody knows how old it is, but it is a great castle on a high craggy rock over the sea — the cliffs go straight down between one and two hundred feet, or more than that in some places — There are immense rooms in it with great fireplaces and dungeons and stairways in the walls — The grass and daisies grow all through it and the sheep feed in it, and it is such a contrast to the [day *?*]

[*Page 8*]

of outlaws and robbers, and the rude ways of the Irish lords — The MacDonnells were the kings of the northern shore and used to live in this great place and go thieving "to the Southward" — We enjoyed the giants causeway very much though we had bad weather for it — a furious storm of wind and rain that would 'let up' once in a while so we could come out of our shelter and poke about a little like rabbits! It is a much grander place than I supposed — and very curious.

[*Page 9*]

3

It stretches three or four miles along the coast (that is, the cliffs do) though the causeway proper covers only a half mile perhaps — The stones are fitted together, you would think, and are just as regular as a piece of honey comb — in some places — I am sorry it has been so cold and rainy these last few days though I have no doubt we have seen quite enough — The wind blew so we were glad to get away from Portrush which is a fashionable watering place though it is so bleak

[*Page 10*]

now — We thought it better to come to Belfast and spend the night, as by doing so we could reach Dublin much earlier in the day. I wish you had seen Mrs. Fields & Liza & me on a jaunting car last night scurrying [*deletion*] ^through^ Belfast* just as the people were going to church — You would die laughing for we were going as if the [Divil *so spelled*] were after us — but the 'car' is the proper vehicle here and nobody takes it into their heads to laugh at you, however you laugh at yourself! We are back at the Shelbourne here which we like so much — and are

[*Page 11*]

4

resting after a beautiful good lunch before we go to drive. It pours every little while.

Tomorrow morning early we start for London, reaching there in time for dinner tomorrow night — I shall be so glad to get some letters — We have had a most delightful time in Ireland — a thousand times better than I dreamed it could be, and we have seen a great deal of the country — Love to all and here we go for a last ride on the

[*Page 12*]

"side-car-r-r" —— so no more at present from the Queen —

[*Added upside down at the bottom of page 12*]

We had a lovely drive to [Phenix Park* *so spelled*] (where the murder was!) and to the old St. Patrick's Cathedral where Dean Swift* is buried, and there is a great deal else very interesting — but I am too tired to do any more —

Notes

1882: The year seems to be in different ink from the rest of the letter, but this is not certain.

Robin Hood's barn: Perhaps it is obvious that this was a proverbial saying in the 19th century, indicating taking the long way to a destination. Some say that the famed outlaw's "barn" was Sherwood Forest.

Mrs. Fields: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

excited: Beneath this word is a deleted insertion.

Dunluce Castle: Dunluce Castle is medieval (13th century) ruin in Northern Ireland, the seat of Clan MacDonnell. Wikipedia. Jewett's poem, "Dunluce Castle," appeared in *Harper's Magazine* in November 1883.

Belfast: Jewett seems to have underlined this word decoratively, with several horizontal lines.

Phenix Park: See notes for Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett of 8 June.

Dean Swift: Wikipedia says: "Jonathan Swift (1667-1745) was an Anglo-Irish satirist, essayist, political pamphleteer (first for the Whigs, then for the Tories), poet and cleric who became Dean of St Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin."

Among the artifacts associated with Swift in St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin is a monument bust of Swift.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 6, Item 263: Six letters to Caroline Frances Perry Jewett.

Sarah Orne Jewett to William Perry

Dublin

12 June [*1882*]

Dear Grandpa

This is only a note to tell you how well we are getting on and what a good time I am having — It is worth crossing the sea if it were twice as wide, just to have had these ten days in Ireland — and M^{rs} Fields* and I have enjoyed every day and only wish we could stay longer — I was so much

[*Page 2*]

interested in seeing more of Dublin today than we had time for when we were here last week, and it certainly is a beautiful old city. The colleges and hospitals are splendid buildings. I think a doctor would be very proud of them — We went to ~~all the~~ St. Patrick's Cathedral to see Dean Swift's monument* and found so many others that we were interested in — It was my first sight of an old cathedral — In the time we have been ashore we

[*Page 3*]

have been at Cork, Glengariff, Killarney, Enniskillen, Portrush, and the Giants Causeway and a night in Belfast beside two nights here — To-morrow we go to London where I am hoping to have a very good time indeed — but I cant have the delight and strangeness of this week but once. I write long letters home and after I get settled down a little I hope to write to my other friends, but of course a good deal had to be crowded into this week, and I have been too tired to touch a pen at night — I am learning so

[*Page 4*]

much every day, and I am so glad I am here — It is late and I will send you more love than letter, and say good night, and promise to do better [next *corrected*] time.

Love to Uncle Will and Aunty and Fanny* and much for yourself from Sarah

Tell Elizabeth* I liked Enniskillen very much. It is really a most beautiful place.

Notes

Mrs. Fields: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

Dean Swift's monument: Wikipedia says: "Jonathan Swift (1667-1745) was an Anglo-Irish satirist, essayist, political pamphleteer (first for the Whigs, then for the Tories), poet and cleric who became Dean of St Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin .... Swift is remembered for works such as *A Tale of a Tub* (1704), *An Argument Against Abolishing Christianity* (1712), *Gulliver's Travels* (1726), and "A Modest Proposal" (1729)."

Among the artifacts associated with Swift in St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin is a monument bust of Dean Swift.

Uncle Will and Aunty and Fanny: In her maternal grandfather's family, Uncle Will would be Dr. William G. Perry (1823-1910) and his wife Lucretia Fisk Perry (1826-1896); their daughter was Frances Perry (1861-1953).

Elizabeth: Richard Cary says: "Elizabeth Watkin was Dr. Perry's cook, one of a long succession of native Irish housemaids who served in the Perry and Jewett homes."

This letter is held by Colby College Special Collections, Waterville, Maine: JEWE.1. It was originally transcribed and annotated by Richard Cary for *Sarah Orne Jewett Letters*. New transcription and notes.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett

326 Regent St. London!*

Thursday 15 June

[1882 *added in pencil*]

Dear O. P.*

Sister is no sense at all she is having that beautiful of a time. Tuesday we came across from Dublin travelling all day from seven in the morning until six at night. All the morning we

were crossing from Kingstown to Holyhead in Wales, and any hopes Mother may have had blighted in regard to my being seasick coming from Ameriky were gratified, for sister expects to be in the better for that v'yge for the rest of the summer, and was very low in her mind. Perhaps she had too good a

[*Page 2*]

time in ould Ireland. It was a very rainy day, a steady down pour, and Wales looked so prim and gray and different, that is, what I could see of it, for the mist was very thick. By the time we got to Chester and as far away as Rugby it was lighter and though it rained, still we could see the country very well and it was most beautiful. When we reached Brown's Hotel* we found that they had not kept our room after the eighth though we told them to [*deleted word*] and we were disappointed

[*Page 3*]

at first, but we came over to Regent St. and are delightfully settled in much pleasanter rooms than the others. We would not ~~take~~ keep the ones they had for us instead of ours at Brown's — You don't know how lovely it is here! I really shall hate to go away which I suppose we shall do next week. We have a nice bedroom and a parlour where there is a square table for our dinners, and we have all our meals by our

[*Page 4*]

selves, served beautifully — Every morning I make out our bill of fare for the day, and somethings we get ourselves when we are out. To-day we went right after breakfast to Covent Garden Market* and it is the most fascinating place you ever saw. Perfect crowds of flowers and the most magnificent ~~flo~~ fruit. Mrs. Fields* bought such a lot of flowers, some she sent to Mrs. Lowell* who is very sick again, and we put a great

[*Page 5*]

many in the room here and some we took to Westminster Abbey this afternoon to put on Dickens's tomb.* I didn't know what to say when I found myself in that place, and I really had to come away after I had only seen a small part of it. The roof is so high and it seems as if you could look a mile down through the arches — and the great stained glass windows and the carvings and the great bells ringing over head are all so

[*Page 6*]

wonderful and beautiful that it fairly upsets you. Just within a dozen or two feet from Dickens's tomb are Chaucer's and Thackeray's and Sheridan's and Milton's and Goldsmith's.* Oh I can't begin to tell you about it. It made all the great men so much more real somehow, and it was so familiar because I had read about it and longed to see it over and over again ever since I was a little girl.

[*Page 7*]

We shall go again several times.

The streets all seem so familiar too — Piccadilly and Pall Mall and Hanover Square and all of them. I feel as if I were somebody in an English novel! —— Yesterday we drove about a little and went into some shops. They were very fascinating, but one needs a mint of money to live in London. Mrs. Fields says London itself is more fascinating than any thing in it! To-night Susy Travers* dined with us

[*Page 8*]

and we went afterward to a lovely concert and saw such interesting people. We are going often if we don't get too tired in the day times for there is a great deal of fine music just now —

Tomorrow morning we go to the Royal Academy* to see pictures and afterward to the Grosvenor Gallery* if we can to look at one or two we wish to see there particularly. Several people have been to see Mrs. Fields and she seems very well and bright though I know

[*Page 9*]

in one way it makes her very sad to be here. Lowell was here to-day but I didn't see him as he is in great trouble about his wife. [*deleted words*] – I wish you could see the flowers and fruit we got today. Apricots and plums and strawberries and cherries — and we had early gooseberry and plum tart that we bought at a cake shop. Oh Purssell's* is nothing to the London cake shops! Sister is distracted with London! Mrs. Fields is lovely and I grow fonder of

[*Page 10*]

her every day. She is always thinking about what I must do, and nobody could be more thoughtful and kind. Liza has every kind of skipping about — and is so funny, and keeps everything in such nice train for us. I must say

goodnight for it is so late. I wish you could see the great splendid place. Yesterday I saw Hyde Park* and today I went down to the city to Barings* to draw money & saw St. Paul's* & no end of other things. I get tired to death driving

[*Page 11*]

down the streets there is such a world of things to see. We shall be here ten days & go away to Devonshire for ten and then come back again. I have such nice letters from you & Cora* besides Mother & Carrie's* & lots of others. I shall not try to write so much except home & to Cora. Two or three letters are all most people can have from dear sister because she gets tired and wants to go to bed instead of writing. Mrs. Fields sends love to you and so do I — Yours always

Sarah —

Notes

326 Regent St. London: Which hotel was located at 326 Regent St. in 1882 has not been discovered.

O.P .: A Jewett nickname for Mary Rice Jewett.

Brown's hotel: Wikipedia says: "Brown's Hotel ... in London, established in 1837 and owned by Rocco Forte Hotels since 3 July 2003."

Covent Garden Market: A partially covered general market in the Covent Garden district at east the side of London's West End.

Mrs. Fields: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

Mrs. Lowell: The American poet and editor, James Russell Lowell (1819-1891), was American minister to England 1880-1885. He and his second wife, Frances Dunlap (d. February 1885), were close friends of Annie Fields and of Jewett.

Westminster Abbey … Dickens's tomb … Chaucer's and Thackeray's and Sheridan's and Milton's and Goldsmith's: Wikipedia says: "Westminster Abbey, formally titled the Collegiate Church of St Peter at Westminster, is a large, mainly Gothic abbey church in the City of Westminster, London, just to the west of the Palace of Westminster. It is one of the United Kingdom's most notable religious buildings and the traditional place of coronation and burial site for English and, later, British monarchs."

Wikipedia also says: "Poets' Corner is the name traditionally given to a section of the South Transept of Westminster Abbey because of the high number of poets, playwrights, and writers buried and commemorated there."

The British novelist, Charles Dickens (1812-1870) was a much beloved friend of Annie Fields.

Geoffrey Chaucer (1343-1400), author of *The Canterbury Tales,* was the first poet to be buried in Westminster.

William Makepeace Thackeray (1811-1863) was a novelist, the author of *Vanity Fair*.

Richard Brinsley Butler Sheridan (1751-1816), Wikipedia says, was a British satirist; a playwright and poet, and long-term owner of the London Theatre Royal, Drury Lane." Among his best-known plays are *The Rivals* and *The School for Scandal*.

John Milton (1608-1674) was the author of *Paradise Lost*.

Oliver Goldsmith (1728-1774), according to Wikipedia, was an Irish novelist, playwright and poet, who is best known for his novel *The Vicar of Wakefield* (1766), his pastoral poem *The Deserted Village* (1770), and his plays T*he Good-Natur'd Man* (1768) and *She Stoops to Conquer* (1771, first performed in 1773)."

Susy Travers: Susan Travers. Key to Correspondents.

Royal Academy: Wikipedia says: "The Royal Academy of Arts (RA) is an art institution based in Burlington House on Piccadilly in London. It has a unique position as an independent, privately funded institution led by eminent artists and architects; its purpose is to promote the creation, enjoyment and appreciation of the visual arts through exhibitions, education and debate."

Grosvenor Gallery: Wikipedia says: "The Grosvenor Gallery was an art gallery in London founded in 1877 by Sir Coutts Lindsay and his wife Blanche. Its first directors were J. Comyns Carr and Charles Hallé. The gallery proved crucial to the Aesthetic Movement because it provided a home for those artists whose approaches the more classical and conservative Royal Academy did not welcome, such as Edward Burne-Jones and Walter Crane."

Purssells: The Purssell family established popular bakery shops in London and after 1859 in New York City.

Hyde Park: Wikipedia says: "Hyde Park is one of the largest parks in London and one of its

Royal Parks." The park includes extensive gardens and various monuments.

Barings: Wikipedia says: "Barings Bank was a British merchant bank based in London, and the world's second oldest merchant bank (after Berenberg Bank). It was founded in 1762 and was owned by the German-originated Baring family of merchants and bankers." The bank collapsed in 1995.

St. Paul's: Wikipedia says: "St Paul's Cathedral, London, is an Anglican cathedral, the seat of the Bishop of London and the mother church of the Diocese of London. It sits on Ludgate Hill at the highest point of the City of London."

Cora: Cora Clark Rice. Key to Correspondents.

Carrie's: Caroline Jewett Eastman. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University in Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Mary Rice Jewett 1847-1930, recipient, 40 letters; 1877-1892 & n.d. Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

Bertha Freiin, Baronesse von Bülow-Wendhausen to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*June - October 1882*]*

[*Printed on a visitor card*]

Baroness von Bülow-Wendhausen

Dresden

[*Handwritten note on the card*]

So very kind of you dear Madame and I am so glad to meet you at last.

Notes

1882: Wikipedia says that Baroness Bertha von Marenholtz-Bülow (1810-1893) "was a German noblewoman and educator noted for her work in spreading the kindergarten concept through Europe." A more detailed account of her life and career appears in German Wikipedia.

This card is problematic in two main ways. No recipient is named and no date specified.

Jewett is not known to have visited Dresden during the baroness's lifetime. They would have had to meet elsewhere in Europe in 1882 or 1892. Annie Adams Fields, however, may have met the baroness before she traveled with Jewett, during trips to Europe with her husband.

That the card is among Jewett's letters suggests that Jewett or Fields received it in 1882 or 1892. I have placed the letter in 1882, assuming that if the card is addressed to Jewett, it is more likely that the meeting took place when the baroness was younger and probably in London or Paris, or perhaps in Italy.

The manuscript of this card is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 1, Item 32 I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett

London 16 June 1882

Dear O. P.*

Sister having forgotten to mention that she had privileges of seeing the Prince of Wales* at the concert last night is obliged to begin another letter. There were four or five others of the Royal Family and when they came in she stood up politely with the rest of the company, but could get no good sight at them, though she knew the Prince of Wales from his pictures. It was a lovely concert.*

[*Page 2*]

I wrote you so late last night that I was tired and forgot about everything I meant to say. Just after breakfast this morning who should come to call but Mrs. Craik* (Miss Muloch you know) and when we come back from Devonshire we have promised to go to lunch with her. She lives just out of London and it will be so nice. It was nice of her to come right in to see us. Mr. Craik who was with her and who was very pleasant, stayed with Mrs. Fields* at Manchester

[*Page 3*]

once. He was with Black.* "Miss Muloch" is much older than I supposed and she has such a sweet face. I was very glad to see her. How many books do you think she has written? Forty and she says she is going to stop now! ~~and~~ John Halifax* was n't the first by any means and that must have been published more than twenty years ago, a good deal. We have been so lucky in having good weather in London. One doesn't mind the little showers and the sun is out most of the day. Sister

[*Page 4*]

has had the side cars superseded in her affections by the Hansom cabs which are truly

lovely. We have nice open fires (at one and sixpence) and sister is that contented she is ashamed of herself — and tuppence will buy her raspberry tarts that make her forget all troubles of mind and body and tomorrow is market day again at Covent Garden.* To-day she is going everywhere! The only misery being there is so much to do and see [*deleted word*] and I can only be

[*Page 5*]

in one place at a time.

= Sunday — After I finished those remarks I went to the Royal Academy* to see the pictures and spent a delightful morning. The pictures were very fine and it is great fun to see the people. After lunch we stayed in until six and then went to Tavistock Square to call on the Bennochs,* some old friends of Mrs. Fields's,* and afterward we drove down to the Temple Church* — and had a beautiful walk through the cloisters and ^by^ the temple gardens. It was where Charles Lamb and Dr. Johnson lived, and Goldsmith

[*Page 6*]

in different 'courts' of the Temple,* and I was so glad to see the old houses where so many interesting things have happened. It is a lovely place there too. You go in through a narrow court and suddenly come out into an open space with this beautiful old church and the little park and the old houses crowded together around. All the houses are filled with lawyers offices, it is where a great many young men read law — [*two deleted* words] It was so nice to be there late as we were when everything is quiet. Yesterday we went down to Covent Garden again

[*Page 7*]

and then to Macmillans the publisher's,* and then to get tickets to see Irving and Ellen Terry the great actors in Romeo & Juliet on Wednesday night.* Did I tell you you have to go to the concerts & theatres here in evening dress as if it were a party? Without a bonnet for they won't let you in with one on! It makes very fine audiences — it really was splendid to see the people the other night. Yesterday afternoon we drove down the Thames Embankment to Chelsea to see Mrs. Merritt* and

[*Page 8*]

had such a good time. It was the Queen's Drawing Room, and the Prince of Wales* received and all the gentlemen were going in full uniform and the streets were full of carriages. We [came *corrected*] by Hyde Park* as we came back and you never saw anything so beautiful as the horses and carriages not to speak of the coachmen & foot men in liveries more lovely to behold. Sister had privileges of seeing the Lord Mayor's carriage* — and it was just like the one on the picture book we used to have! At night we went to dine at the Bennoch's

[*Page 9*]

which was very pleasant. Mr. Bennoch had been at the drawing room. He is such a nice old gentleman and the house is full of interesting things. He was a great friend of Hawthorne's.

Today we are going to hear Canon Farrar preach at St. Margaret's* next Westminsters Abbey, and perhaps we shall go in then a little while afterward – I am going to dine with Susy Travers* tonight and tomorrow we dine with

[*Page 10*]

Miss Hogarth and the Dickens's* — I haven't been to the shops much, though I got a pretty ^black^ jacket trimmed with braid and lace. I think the prices of things are quite as high as at home, but most of the shops I have been in have been the very swell ones. I will bid you all good morning, it being church time. Love to all from

Sarah.

Mrs. Ole* telegraphed us that she sailed Wednesday on the Gallia.

Notes

O.P .: A Jewett nickname for Mary Rice Jewett.

Prince of Wales: In 1882, the British Prince of Wales was George Frederick Ernest Albert (1865-1936), grandson of Queen Victoria. After her death and that of his father, King Edward VIII, he became King George V.

concert: While it is difficult to be sure at which concert Jewett and Fields observed members of the royal family on the evening of June 15, 1882, according to the *Musical Times* v. 23, p. 291, the 1882 season of Symphony Concerts at St. James Hall included a performance on June 15, conducted by Charles Hallé, proceeds going to the Royal College of Music.

Mrs. Craik: Wikipedia says: "Dinah Maria Craik (born Dinah Maria Mulock, also often credited as Miss Mulock or Mrs. Craik) (1826-1887) was an English novelist and poet." Her husband was "George Lillie Craik a partner with Alexander Macmillan in the publishing house of Macmillan & Company.... In 1857 she published the work by which she will be principally remembered, *John Halifax, Gentleman*, a presentation of the ideals of English middle-class life."

Mrs. Fields: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

Black: Whom Jewett refers to here is mysterious. Possibly this is George Nixon Black, Jr. (1842-1928), who in 1883 began building an impressive home, Kragsyde, in Manchester-by-the-Sea, Massachusetts.

Covent Garden: Covent Garden is a district at the east side of London's West End.

Royal Academy: Wikipedia says: "The Royal Academy of Arts (RA) is an art institution based in Burlington House on Piccadilly in London. It has a unique position as an independent, privately funded institution led by eminent artists and architects; its purpose is to promote the creation, enjoyment and appreciation of the visual arts through exhibitions, education and debate."

on the Bennochs: Julian Hawthorne (1846-1934) was the son of the American author, Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804-1864). Julian and his first wife, Minnie Amelung Hawthorne (1848-1925), named their first son John Francis Bennoch Hawthorne (1872-1960), after Francis Bennoch, a friend of the two families during their residences in London. Bennoch was head of a wholesale silk business, a member of parliament, and a patron of authors and literature. See also *The Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine*, Volume 33 (1887), p. 897.

Temple Church: Wikipedia says: "The Temple Church is a late 12th-century church in the City of London located between Fleet Street and the River Thames, built by the Knights Templar as their English headquarters." The Temple area of London according to Wikipedia, is one of the main legal districts of London. Located near the center of the city, the area includes the Inns of Court. Each Inn has its own gardens.

Charles Lamb and Dr. Johnson lived, and Goldsmith: Charles Lamb (1775-1834) was a British essayist, a member of the circle of Samuel Taylor Coleridge and William Wordsworth.

Samuel Johnson (1709-1784) was a British author; Oliver Goldsmith (1728-1774) was an Irish author. Wikipedia.

Macmillans the publisher's: Wikipedia says that this British publishing firm was founded in 1843 by Daniel and Alexander Macmillan, who published many of the major British novelists and poets of the Victorian period. An American division was established in New York and sold in 1896.

Irving and Ellen Terry: Wikipedia says: "Sir Henry Irving (1838-1905), born John Henry Brodribb, sometimes known as J. H. Irving, was an English stage actor in the Victorian era, known as an actor-manager because he took complete responsibility (supervision of sets, lighting, direction, casting, as well as playing the leading roles) for season after season at the Lyceum Theatre, establishing himself and his company as representative of English classical theatre. "

Wikipedia also says: "Dame Alice Ellen Terry, (1847-1928), known professionally as Ellen Terry, was an English stage actress who became the leading Shakespearean actress in Britain."

In the 1882 season of the Lyceum, Irving's company produced Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, with Irving (age 44) and Terry (age 35) playing the teenage lovers. One of the most successful of their Shakespeare productions, the play had 108 consecutive performances, according to *The Literary Digest*, Volume 44 (1912), p. 118n.

Thames Embankment to Chelsea: Wikipedia says: "Chelsea Embankment is part of the Thames Embankment, a road and walkway along the north bank of the River Thames in central London, England … The western end of Chelsea Embankment, including a stretch of Cheyne Walk, is in the Royal Borough of Kensington and Chelsea; the eastern end, including Grosvenor Road and Millbank, is in the City of Westminster."

Mrs. Merritt: Wikipedia says: "Anna Massey Lea Merritt (1844-1930) was an American painter. She painted portraits, landscapes and religious scenes and etchings. She was born in Philadelphia but lived and worked in England for most of her life. Merritt worked as a professional artist for most of her adult life, 'living by her

brush' before her brief marriage to Henry Merritt and after his death."

the Queen's Drawing Room ... Prince of Wales: West of Chelsea, where Jewett and Fields called upon Mrs. Merritt is Hampton Court Palace in Richmond upon Thames. Probably this was the location of the Queen's Drawing Room Reception headed by then Prince of Wales, George Frederick Ernest Albert (1865-1936), grandson of Queen Victoria.

Hyde Park: Wikipedia says: "Hyde Park is one of the largest parks in London and one of its Royal Parks." The park includes extensive gardens and various monuments.

Lord Mayor's carriage: Wikipedia says: "The Lord Mayor of London is the City of London's mayor and leader of the City of London Corporation. Within the City, the Lord Mayor is accorded precedence over all individuals except the sovereign and retains various traditional powers, rights and privileges, including the title and style The Right Honourable Lord Mayor of London."

The Wikipedia entry on the Lord Mayor includes a photograph of the carriage. In the 19th century, the title was conferred annually; in 1882, the Lord Mayor was Sir Henry Knight.

Canon Farrar ... St. Margaret's: Wikipedia says: "The Church of St Margaret, Westminster Abbey, is situated in the grounds of Westminster Abbey on Parliament Square, and is the Anglican parish church of the House of Commons of the United Kingdom in London."

Wikipedia also says: "Frederic William Farrar (Bombay, 7 August 1831-Canterbury, 22 March 1903) was a cleric of the Church of England (Anglican), schoolteacher and author." He was Canon of Westminster (1876-1895) and eventually became Dean of Canterbury.

Susy Travers: Susan Travers. Key to Correspondents.

Miss Hogarth and the Dickens's: Miss Hogarth is Georgina Hogarth, (1827-1917), "the sister-in-law, housekeeper, and adviser of English novelist Charles Dickens and the editor of two volumes of his collected letters after his death."

Annie Fields and her husband, James T. Fields, had become close friends of the British novelist, Charles Dickens (1812-1870), and his family. Charles Dickens married "Catherine Thomson Hogarth (1816-1879), the daughter of George Hogarth, editor of the *Evening Chronicle*." They had 10 children.

Though this is not certain, it seems likely that Jewett and Fields visit the family of Dickens's oldest son, Charles Culliford Boz Dickens (1837 -1896); "A failed businessman, he became the editor of his father's magazine *All the Year Round*, and a successful writer of dictionaries. He is now most remembered for his two 1879 books, *Dickens's Dictionary of London* and *Dickens's Dictionary of the Thames*...."

Mrs. Ole … on the Gallia: Mrs. Ole Bull. Key to Correspondents.

Completed in 1878, the S. S. *Gallia* was a Cunard steamer connecting New York and Boston to Liverpool.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University in Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Mary Rice Jewett 1847-1930, recipient, 40 letters; 1877-1892 & n.d. Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett

London 20 June

Dear Mary

Sister forgot to bespeak the birthday* but she hopes you will forgive her, and in case that Mother could not remember where the dressing case is she will now state that it is on the floor under her desk and she hopes you will find it convenient. Yesterday evening we went to dine with Mrs. Dickens and Miss Hogarth.* Young

[*Page 2*]

Mr. Harry Dickens and his wife* were there too and they were all very pleasant and nice and I enjoyed the evening very much. We had a very good dinner. Mrs. Dickens reminds Mrs. Fields* very much of her father, and she certainly looks like C. D's pictures. We had a very busy day. We went in the morning to see the National Gallery,* and though I wish we had twice or twenty times the time for it, still I saw it very well. The best pictures

[*Page 3*]

of the best English artists are there, and many of the best of the old Italian masters, and French and Dutch. Nearly all Turners and Sir Edwin Landseers are there. Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair which is finer than you could have the least idea — as for the Sir Joshua Reynolds pictures and Gainsboroughs and all the rest I have seen

copies of them of one kind and another all my life, but nothing is like the original! There

[*Page 4*]

are pictures by Guido and Raphael and Murillo and all the famous masters.* Of course in different places in Europe there are wonderful single pictures but this is considered the best collection in the world. I learned more in three hours than I could learn in America in three years, just by looking at them for myself. In the afternoon we went out to make some calls and do some errands and

[*Page 5*]

had a drive through the park coming home, and then went out to dinner, and so it was a very nice day. Today dear old Mrs. Bennoch* came in early, and afterward we started out afoot and poked into some nice shops, where you would be much happier if you could buy everything you saw! We didn't come home to lunch, but took some tarts to keep us alive at a nice French shop way down Regent St. Then we skipped in a Hansom cab of extra speed to a charity

[*Page 6*]

meeting ~~at~~ over in St. Mary-le Bone road (which you were to mention as Merril-bun if you mentioned it properly!) It was very interesting and we didn't stay so long as I should have liked. They were talking over various 'cases' and they were very edifying. We came home just in time to see Miss Octavia Hill* whose coming gave Mrs. Fields no end of pleasure, for she is the head and front of charioteering and a most lovely woman. It was really a great thing

[*Page 7*]

to have met her. I have seen some very pleasant people. By the way James Freeman Clarke is here and we are seeing him. Mrs. Clarke was so nice Sunday, — we met them at St. Margaret's Church.* This afternoon late we went to see old Mrs. Procter, Adelaide Procter's mother and widow of "Barry Cornwall,"* and she was a delightfully bright and funny old lady. They all seem so glad to see Mrs. Fields

[*Page 8*]

but it brings up so many old associations. I couldn't help thinking how sad it was for her at the Dickens last night,* but nobody would ever know, she is so lovely and thoughtful for other people. She looks so much better, and really has some colour, and we are both as hungry as we can be. We are at home tonight for a wonder — and had such a nice dinner — a sole which is a delicious fish like a flounder, and a duckling which mother would delight in. The London ducklings

[*Page 9*]

are so tender and delightful and seem to have no relation to the old ducks we are usually acquainted with. We also had a cherry tart which is a pie if it is big enough and this was and sister eated all she could of it on account of its being good — We are going to stay here until Saturday

[*Page 10*]

for we have some pleasant things to do. Thursday we are asked to dine at Sydenham* and to a garden party there Saturday also which we shall miss & Friday we are going to George MacDonald's.* We mean now to spend Sunday at ~~the~~ [*deleted word*] ^Salisbury^* — going to the cathedral in the morning & driving to Stonehenge* in the afternoon. I don't believe that's true about Mr. Rollins & Mrs. Burleigh.* I saw no sign of it on board ship. We met her yesterday

[*Up the left margin, then down across the top margin of page 1*]

though I supposed she had gone to Milan — Nelly* was with her, and she isn't half so nice looking as she used to be, though she had taken cold she said and was not feeling well. I had a very pleasant letter from Mr. Rollins today — Poor Mary Esther! I did feel very sorry to hear of her death

[*Up the left margin of page 2*]

and was so surprised — What a loss she will be to them

[*Up the left margin of page 3*]

and Berwick will seem strange without her. Mrs. Fields

[*Up the left margin and down across the top margin of page 4*]

sends love — She enjoys your letters so much — I am so glad Carrie* is so pleasantly settled — Goodnight from the Queen with lots of love

Notes

birthday: Mary Rice Jewett's birthday was 18 June.

Mrs. Dickens and Miss Hogarth: See Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett of 16 June 1882.

Harry Dickens and his wife: Wikipedia says: "Sir Henry Fielding Dickens, KC (1849-1933) was the eighth of ten children born to English author Charles Dickens and his wife Catherine. The most successful of all of Dickens's children, he was a barrister, a KC and Common Serjeant of London, a senior legal office which he held for over 15 years. He was also the last surviving child of Dickens....

"Henry 'Harry' Dickens married Marie Roche (1852-1940), the daughter of Monsieur Antonin Roche, on 25 October 1876 in Portman Square in London; they had four sons and three daughters together. Within the Dickens family the couple were known as 'The Guvnor' and 'The Mater'. "

Mrs. Fields: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

National Gallery … Turners and Sir Edwin Landseers … Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair … Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsboroughs ... Guido and Raphael and Murillo: Wikipedia says: "The National Gallery is an art museum in Trafalgar Square in the City of Westminster, in Central London. Founded in 1824, it houses a collection of over 2,300 paintings dating from the mid-13th century to 1900."

According to Wikipedia, "Joseph Mallord William Turner, RA (1775-1851) was an English Romanticist landscape painter. Turner was considered a controversial figure in his day, but is now regarded as the artist who elevated landscape painting to an eminence rivaling history painting." In 2016, The National Gallery held 10 of Turner's paintings.

"Sir Edwin Henry Landseer RA (1802- 1873) was an English painter, well known for his paintings of animals — particularly horses, dogs and stags. However, his best known works are the lion sculptures in Trafalgar Square.... Landseer was a notable figure in 19th-century British art, and his works can be found in Tate Britain, the Victoria and Albert Museum, Kenwood House and the Wallace Collection in London." Wikipedia

"Rosa Bonheur, born Marie-Rosalie Bonheur, (1822-1899) was a French artist, an animalière (painter of animals) and sculptor, known for her artistic realism. Her most well-known paintings are *Ploughing in the Nivernais*, first exhibited at the Paris Salon of 1848, and now at Musée d'Orsay in Paris, and *The Horse Fair* (French: *Le marché aux chevaux*), which was exhibited at the Salon of 1853 (finished in 1855) and is now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York City. Bonheur is widely considered to be the most famous female painter of the nineteenth century." Wikipedia

"Sir Joshua Reynolds RA FRS FRSA (1723-1792) was an influential eighteenth-century English painter, specialising in portraits. He promoted the "Grand Style" in painting which depended on idealization of the imperfect. He was a founder and first president of the Royal Academy of Arts, and was knighted by George III in 1769." Wikipedia. In 2016, the National Gallery held 6 paintings by Reynolds.

"Thomas Gainsborough FRSA (1727-1788) was an English portrait and landscape painter, draughtsman, and printmaker. He surpassed his rival Sir Joshua Reynolds to become the dominant British portraitist of the second half of the 18th century." Wikipedia. In 2016, the National Gallery held 11 paintings by Gainsborough.

"Guido Reni (1575-1642) was an Italian painter of high-Baroque style." Wikipedia. In 2016, the National Gallery held 12 paintings by Guido.

"Raffaello Sanzio da Urbino (1483- 1520), known as Raphael, was an Italian painter and architect of the High Renaissance. His work is admired for its clarity of form, ease of composition, and visual achievement of the Neoplatonic ideal of human grandeur. Together with Michelangelo and Leonardo da Vinci, he forms the traditional trinity of great masters of that period." Wikipedia. In 2016, the National Gallery held 13 paintings by Raphael.

"Bartolomé Esteban Murillo (1617-1682) was a Spanish Baroque painter. Although he is best known for his religious works, Murillo also produced a considerable number of paintings of contemporary women and children. These lively, realist portraits of flower girls, street urchins, and beggars constitute an extensive and appealing record of the everyday life of his times." Wikipedia. In 2016, the National Gallery held 10 paintings by Murillo.

Mrs. Bennoch: Francis Bennoch and his wife were London friends of the Hawthorne family. Bennoch was head of a wholesale silk business, a member of parliament, and a patron of authors and literature. See *Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine*, Volume 33 (1887), p. 897.

charity meeting ... Miss Octavia Hill … charioteering: Wikipedia says: "Octavia Hill

(1838-1912) was an English social reformer, whose main concern was the welfare of the inhabitants of cities, especially London, in the second half of the nineteenth century....

"Hill was a moving force behind the development of social housing ....

"Another of Hill's concerns was the availability of open spaces for poor people. She campaigned against development on existing suburban woodlands, and helped to save London's Hampstead Heath and Parliament Hill Fields from being built on. She was one of the three founders of the National Trust, set up to preserve places of historic interest or natural beauty for the enjoyment of the British public. She was a founder member of the Charity Organisation Society (now the charity Family Action) which organised charitable grants and pioneered a home-visiting service that formed the basis for modern social work."

Hill resided in Marylebone.

"Charioteering" is a fanciful name Jewett sometimes gave to the social casework in which Annie Fields was deeply involved in Boston, which was modeled after Hill's work in London.

James Freeman Clarke … St. Margaret's Church: Wikipedia says: "James Freeman Clarke (1810-1888) was an American theologian and author." After serving in the Unitarian ministry in Louisville, KY, "in 1839 he returned to Boston where he and his friends established (1841) the Church of the Disciples which brought together a body of people to apply the Christian religion to social problems of the day." Chief among these social problems was the abolition of slavery.

He married Anna Huidekoper of Meadville, PA in 1839; they had four children. See also Dictionary of Unitarian & Universalist Biography.

Wikipedia says: "The Church of St Margaret, Westminster Abbey, is situated in the grounds of Westminster Abbey on Parliament Square, and is the Anglican parish church of the House of Commons of the United Kingdom in London."

Mrs. Procter … "Barry Cornwall": Wikipedia says: "Adelaide Anne Procter (1825-1864) was an English poet and philanthropist. She worked prominently on behalf of unemployed women and the homeless, and was actively involved with feminist groups and journals." Her parents were the poet Bryan Waller Procter and Anne Skepper Proctor. Bryan Proctor (1787-1874) wrote under the pseudonym, "Barry Cornwall." Wikipedia.

Dickens last night: Fields would be sad at the Dickens's because she would be reminded of her transAtlantic friendship with Charles Dickens (1812-1870) that blossomed during her marriage to publisher James T. Fields. Jewett has hoped that this travel together in Europe would help Annie to deal with her grief over James's death on 24 April 1881.

Sydenham: This letter and that of Friday 23 June indicate that Jewett and Fields visited the home of Henry Littleton, Westwood House, in the London suburb of Sydenham. Littleton "had made his fortune from Novello's the music publisher, and Westwood House and its Music Room played host to the musical stars of the Crystal Palace. Dvorak and Liszt both stayed and played at Westwood House."

George MacDonald's: Wikipedia says: "George MacDonald (1824-1905) was a Scottish author, poet, and Christian minister. He was a pioneering figure in the field of fantasy literature and the mentor of fellow writer Lewis Carroll."

Salisbury .. cathedral … Stonehenge: The town of Salisbury in south central Great Britain is home to the Salisbury Cathedral. Nearby is Stonehenge, which according to Wikipedia is "a prehistoric monument in Wiltshire, England, 2 miles (3 km) west of Amesbury and 8 miles (13 km) north of Salisbury. Stonehenge's ring of standing stones [is] set within earthworks in the middle of the most dense complex of Neolithic and Bronze Age monuments in England, including several hundred burial mounds."

Mr. Rollins & Mrs. Burleigh … Nelly ... Poor Mary Esther: The identities of Mr. Rollins and Mary Esther are not yet known.

In her letter of 31 May 1882, Annie Fields mentions Ashton Rollins.

Jewett was acquainted with Matilda Buffum (Mrs. John H.) Burleigh (b. 823), a South Berwick neighbor, the widow of a mill owner and Maine congressman. Wikipedia says "John Holmes Burleigh (1822-1877) was a nineteenth-century politician, sailor, manufacturer and banker from Maine. He was the son of the former U.S. representative from Maine."

However, this Mrs. Burleigh had neither a daughter nor a sister named Nelly. The identities of both of these women, therefore, remains uncertain.

Carrie: Caroline Jewett Eastman. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University in Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Mary Rice Jewett 1847-1930, recipient, 40 letters; 1877-1892 & n.d. Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

Annie Adams Fields to Judy / Louisa Adams Beal*

Salisbury June 20th 1882

Dearest Judy and all;

We have had a beautiful summer day under the shadow of the old Cathedral and at Stonehenge — England is in perfection now with its hedges of roses and honeysuckle and plenty of strawberries for hungry out-of-door appetites. We have been at the Isle of Wight for two or three days where we have seen Mr. & Mrs Tennyson.* Farringford is just as beautiful as it was twelve years ago, with its noble cedar of Lebanon, its glimpses of the sea and [stone *?*] between the rich foliage, and its walks over shaven green avenues among the old trees. The home stands far away from the road and the stillness yesterday was very impressive there. No wind was stirring, the

[*Page 2*]

house doors stood open but there was no sound. Mrs Tennyson is always an invalid and she was lying on her couch just as she used to lie years ago. Mr. Tennyson seems much older of course than when I saw him last but he wears the same [dignified *written over another word, perhaps* distinguished] presence. They were both more than kind and hospitable{,} urging us to come back and stay longer with them. I must tell you more about this visit when we meet.

I fear I have not had time to tell you half of our doings in London — George Macdonald* is there for six weeks in a very pleasant house in Harley St. belonging to the Spanish Minister, where he is giving lectures and plays. We passed a most interesting afternoon & evening there{,} hearing first a lecture on Robert Browning's "Saul"* and after-

[*Page 3*]

^ward{,}^ staying to supper when we saw all the family and in the evening "assisted" at a rehearsal of Twelfth Night* which is to be given by the whole family party. We mean to return to London next week in season to see this. [*There are marks in the preceding line that probably are accidental*.]

Mrs Mary Cowden Clarke and her sister Miss Sybilla Novello* are also at Sydenham. Think of this dear old lady of 80 years and one journeying from Genoa to London to hear Gounod's Requiem* given by & by at Birmingham. We were invited down to see her at the beautiful place where she is visiting — the house of Mr. Henry Littleton.* We could see the fireworks from The Crystal Palace* across the lawn after dinner and in the evening tell Willy* we had music in a great music room, as tall as a house, & as large [*two unrecognized words* sunset city *?*] house and a young girl, a pupil of the famous Joachim* opened the concert by playing a concerto —

Here we had the famous White bait at

[*Page 4*]

dinner which Sarah* had not seen before, beside other unusual luxuries and splendors.

Our old friends Mr. & Mrs Bennoch* are quite well and kinder than I can express. They did not wish to let us go out of their home, but of course it was better for us to be independent, time in London is so valuable and runs on both feet at such a rate! I can't remember if I ever told you that [our *?*] rooms [*may have written* room's] at Brown's hotel were taken when we put in our tardy appearance and that in distress we put in at the Langham* and that caravansary also being crowded they recommended us to lodgings just opposite{,} where we were most comfortable ^they^ being central, clean and roomy.

I am sorry to send off such fragmentary little letters but we are really very tired after these long summer days of travelling.

Ever most lovingly to you all

Annie Fields.

Notes

Judy … Beal: The addressee of this letter is somewhat problematic. The envelope associated with it is addressed to Mrs. James H. Beal, who is Annie Field's sister, Louisa Jane Adams (1836-1920), who became the second wife of James Henry Beal (1823-24 June 1904). There was a Judith living in the household, one of the two unmarried daughters of Mr. Beal's first marriage (See Back Bay Houses). Perhaps

Louisa was nicknamed "Judy," or perhaps Fields addressed her letter to the step-daughter rather than the sister. The former seems somewhat more likely, for in a letter to Fields of 6 July 1899, Sarah Orne Jewett seems to refer to Louisa as Judy.

Tennyson ... Farringford: Wikipedia says: Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809-1892) "was Poet Laureate of Great Britain and Ireland during much of Queen Victoria's reign and remains one of the most popular British poets." He married Emily Sellwood (1813-1896). Their two sons were Hallam and Lionel. After residing at Farringford House on the Isle of Wight, the family moved to a more secluded home, Aldworth in West Sussex. However, the family regularly returned to Farringford to spend winters.

George Macdonald: Wikipedia says: "George MacDonald (1824-1905) was a Scottish author, poet, and Christian minister. He was a pioneering figure in the field of fantasy literature and the mentor of fellow writer Lewis Carroll."

Robert Browning's "Saul": Wikipedia says that the British poet and playwright, Robert Browning (1812-1889) published his poetry collection, *Men and Women*, in 1855. In the collection was his poem, "Saul."

*Twelfth Nigh*t: Wikipedia says that William Shakespeare's comedy of disguise and misdirected love probably was written in 1601-2.

Mrs Mary Cowden Clarke and her sister Miss Sybilla Novello: Mary Victoria (Novello) Cowden Clarke (1809-1898) was a British author and Shakespeare scholar. She and her sister, Sabilla Novello (1821-1904), a vocalist and teacher, were daughters of Vincent Novello (1781-1861), British organist, composer and musical arranger. See Portrait of the Novello Family and The Dictionary of National Biography, Volume 22, pp. 453-4.

Gounod's Requiem: Charles Gounod (1818-1893) was a French composer. He composed two requiems, a *Requiem Mass* in 1842, and his final work, *Requiem* (1893).

Sydenham ... the Littletons: Jewett and Fields visited the home of Henry Littleton (1823-1888), Westwood House, in the London suburb of Sydenham. Littleton "had made his fortune from Novello's the music publisher, and Westwood House and its Music Room played host to the musical stars of the Crystal Palace. Dvorak and Liszt both stayed and played at Westwood House."

According to the Musical Times (June 1, 1911), pp. 365-6, Alfred Henry Littleton succeeded Alfred Novello as head of Novello & Co.

Crystal Palace: "The Crystal Palace was a cast-iron and plate-glass structure originally built in Hyde Park, London, to house the Great Exhibition of 1851. It was almost completely destroyed by fire in 1936. The *Times* of London, page 1, announced on Thursday June 22, 1882: "Crystal Palace this day, great firework display."

Willy: Louisa Beal's son, William (b. 1870).

Joachim: Presumably this is Joseph Joachim (1831-1907), the Hungarian violinist, conductor, composer and teacher.

Sarah: Sarah Orne Jewett. Key to Correspondents.

Mr. & Mrs Bennoch: Francis Bennoch, a friend Fields and her husband, was head of a London wholesale silk business, a member of parliament, and a patron of authors and literature. See also *The Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine*, Volume 33 (1887), p. 897.

Brown's hotel ... the Langham: Wikipedia says: "Brown's Hotel ... in London, established in 1837 and owned by Rocco Forte Hotels since 3 July 2003." The Langham Hotel, a large "grand hotel," also in central London was built 1863-1865.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Massachusetts Historical Society in Annie Fields papers, 1847-1912, MS. N-1221, "Loose Letters, 1852-1916." This transcription is from a microfilm, available courtesy of the University of Kansas Libraries, Lawrence Kansas: Annie Adams Fields Papers 1852-1912. Folio PS 1669.F5 Z462 1986, Reel 3.

Ellen Terry to Sarah Orne Jewett

Wednesday

[*21 June 1882*]*

Dear Miss Jewett =

Welcome to town! I'm sure M^{rs} Fields* is glad you are back again = I enclose the box for Friday & am delighted you each come = With my love to M^{rs} Fields

I am most sincerely yours

Ellen Terry = (a tired woman!)

Notes

1882: Dating this note is not easy. The most likely date seems to be June of 1882, when Jewett and Fields were in London and wrote of seeing Terry perform. Second most likely is January 1894, when Terry was performing in Boston with Henry Irving; Jewett wrote of meeting her with Annie Fields. Also possible is September 1898, when Jewett and Fields were again in London, though neither mentions meeting Terry or seeing her perform. The main problem in choosing among these is that on none of these occasions is there confirmation that Jewett was separated from Fields before a Terry performance.

Fields: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Miller Library, Special Collections, Colby College, Waterville, ME: JEWE.1.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett

Friday 23 June

London

Dear O.P.

I am snatching a fearful joy while Mrs. Fields* is finishing her breakfast. I seem to have a better time every day — Day before yesterday after I wrote you we went to view St. Paul's Cathedral and the Tower of London* — which were both very full of interesting things. St. Pauls is perfectly immense with an enormously high arched roof — We didn't climb into the ball and the whispering gallery as "Rollo"* did — but contented ourselves with walking about the floor — There are a great many fine statues ~~and~~

[*Page 2*]

and memorials, — but the great building itself is most interesting outside and in — though I care much less for it than for Westminster Abbey.* I suppose every one does — As for the Tower we were both very glad we went there — it is the very oldest and most worn building you ever imagine, the great stones of the pavement worn deep down where so many feet have trodden for centuries. It was too horrid (even for me!) to see the block where

[*Page 3*]

peoples heads were cut off with the axe marks in them and all the armor with holes knocked through and the horrid dungeons way down underneath the ground. We couldn't get into the State prison as they are restoring it — where Lady Jane Grey* was confined and so many other people — The old chapel is beautiful — and we saw where the princes were buried who were smothered in the Tower* and all sorts of things. It took us a good while to go through. Part of it is an armory. Yesterday we

[*Page 4*]

went to Westminster Abbey again for we saw nothing of the historical part of it the other day. Henry the Seventh's Chapel* is the most beautiful place. I could not believe the roof was stone for the carving is like lace almost and all the knight's banners and coats of arms are around the walls. Mary Queen of Scots and Queen Elizabeth are buried there in gallant big tombs and Dean Stanley's ~~tomb~~ tomb* is there too, but all the rest are very old.

[*Page 5*]

Last night we went to Sydenham to dine at the Littletons where Mrs. Cowden-Clarke* is staying, and it was a most beautiful place, a regularly English place in a park and about thirty people sat down to dinner and we had some music afterward in a ~~big~~ music room that was ~~half~~ nearly as large as our church. I had a very nice time. It was a beautiful night and we were only a little way from the Crystal Palace* and there were splendid fireworks in the evening which we

[*Page 6*]

could see. We went out in a train. Mrs. Clarke was such a charming little old lady. She is the famous Shakespeare scholar, and lives in Genoa but is here now on a visit and we shall see her when we go there. The dinner was a most elegant one a great many courses — and one was whitebait those famous little fish that cost so much. They are about an inch

[*Page 7*]

and a half long and perfectly delicious. It is so funny, nobody drinks water at all, and you don't even see tumblers on the dinner table, only the wine glasses — I dont feel thirsty here as I do at home — and I dont know when I have touched water. I suppose because it is a so much damper climate. I feel so much better than I have for a great while before, in spite of all I have done — and I sleep like a top. We

[*Page 8*]

hardly ever get through breakfast before sometime after ten. The day begins later here. I have just come in from dinner at the MacDonald's* and it was after half past ten and the sunset was not all gone in the west. It was George Macdonald's and they all were charming people, he is like his best books. We spent the morning at the South Kensington Museum* and it has been a good deal of a day, for the museum is a good like the Centennial* and nearly as large. Tomorrow we go down to the Isle of Wight* for Sunday and shall not be back here for ten days. I am sorry to write in such a hurry, but it will give

[*Up the left margin of page 5*]

you some idea what I am doing. Mrs. Fields sends love. Yours always, Sarah

Notes

O.P .: A Jewett nickname for Mary Rice Jewett.

Mrs. Fields: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

St. Paul's Cathedral and the Tower of London: "St Paul's Cathedral, London, is an Anglican cathedral, the seat of the Bishop of London and the mother church of the Diocese of London. It sits on Ludgate Hill at the highest point of the City of London." The Tower of London "is a historic castle located on the north bank of the River Thames in central London.... It was founded towards the end of 1066 as part of the Norman Conquest of England. The White Tower, which gives the entire castle its name, was built by William the Conqueror in 1078, and was a resented symbol of oppression, inflicted upon London by the new ruling elite. The castle was used as a prison from 1100 ... until 1952...." Wikipedia.

the ball ... the whispering gallery as "Rollo" did: Wikipedia says that Jacob Abbott (1803-1879) was a Maine writer of children's books, a graduate of Bowdoin College, like Jewett's father. Among his famous series of "Rollo" books is *Rollo in London (*1859). In Chapter 9, Rollo and his family tour St. Paul's Cathedral, including the Whispering Gallery and the golden ball at its highest point open to the public.

Westminster Abbey: "Westminster Abbey, formally titled the Collegiate Church of St Peter at Westminster, is a large, mainly Gothic abbey church in the City of Westminster, London, just to the west of the Palace of Westminster. It is one of the United Kingdom's most notable religious buildings and the traditional place of coronation and burial site for English and, later, British monarchs." Wikipedia.

Lady Jane Grey: Wikipedia says:

> "Lady Jane Grey (1536/1537-1554) ... was an English noblewoman and de facto monarch of England and Ireland from 10 July until 19 July 1553.
>
> "The great-granddaughter of Henry VII through his younger daughter Mary, Jane was a first cousin once removed of Edward VI. ..... When the 15-year-old king lay dying in June 1553, he nominated Jane as successor to the Crown in his will, thus subverting the claims of his half-sisters Mary and Elizabeth under the Third Succession Act. Jane was imprisoned in the Tower of London when the Privy Council decided to change sides and proclaim Mary as queen on 19 July 1553. Jane was convicted of high treason in November 1553, which carried a sentence of death, although her life was initially spared. Wyatt's rebellion of January and February 1554 against Queen Mary I's plans to marry Philip of Spain led to the execution of both Jane and her husband."

princes ... were smothered in the Tower: King Richard III of England is believed to have murdered two young sons of his brother, Edward V, who were potential rivals for the throne. Wikipedia says that whether Richard was directly responsible for their deaths is uncertain.

Henry the Seventh's Chapel: Wikipedia says: "The Henry VII Lady Chapel, now more often known just as the Henry VII Chapel, is a large Lady chapel at the far eastern end of Westminster Abbey, paid for by the will of Henry VII.... The tombs of several monarchs including Henry VII, Edward VI, Elizabeth I, Mary I, James I, Charles II and Mary, Queen of Scots are found in the chapel."

Dean Stanley: "Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, FRS (1815-1881), known as Dean Stanley, was an English churchman and academic. He was Dean of Westminster from 1864 to 1881.... He was buried in Henry VII's chapel, in the same grave as his wife." Wikipedia.

Sydenham to dine at the Littletons ... Mrs. Cowden-Clarke: Jewett and Fields visited the home of Henry Littleton (1823-1888), Westwood House, in the London suburb of Sydenham.

Littleton "had made his fortune from Novello's the music publisher and Westwood House and its Music Room played host to the musical stars of the Crystal Palace. Dvorak and Liszt both stayed and played at Westwood House."

Vincent Novello (1781-1861), was English organist, music teacher, and conductor. His children included Mary Victoria and Alfred Novello, who founded a music publishing business, Novello & Co.

Wikipedia says "Mary Victoria Cowden Clarke (1809-1898) was an English author. She was the eldest daughter of Vincent Novello. In 1828, she married her brother Alfred's business partner, Charles Cowden Clarke, and worked with him on Shakespeare studies." Wikipedia.

According to the *Musical Times* (June 1, 1911), pp. 365-6, Henry Littleton succeeded Alfred Novello as head of Novello & Co.

the Crystal Palace … splendid fireworks: "The Crystal Palace was a cast-iron and plate-glass structure originally built in Hyde Park, London, to house the Great Exhibition of 1851. It was almost completely destroyed by fire in 1936. The *Times* of London, page 1, announced on Thursday June 22, 1882: "Crystal Palace this day, great firework display." Wikipedia.

George Macdonald's: George MacDonald (1824-1905) was a Scottish author and clergyman.

South Kensington Museum: Renamed in 1899 to the Victoria and Albert Museum in London. According to Wikipedia it is "the world's largest museum of decorative arts and design."

like the Centennial: Wikipedia says: "The Centennial International Exhibition of 1876, the first official World's Fair in the United States, was held in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, from May 10 to November 10, 1876, to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence in Philadelphia."

Isle of Wight: The Isle of Wight in the English Channel is a popular vacation spot. Jewett and Fields visited the family of English poet, Alfred Lord Tennyson there.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University in Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Mary Rice Jewett 1847-1930, recipient, 40 letters; 1877-1892 & n.d. Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett

Newport, Isle of Wight

Sunday June 25th

Dear Mary

I think I never had a lovelier day than this has been. We spent last night at Ventnor* a most picturesque and lovely place and this morning started for a long drive across the island. We stopped at the little St. Lawrence church* which was the smallest in the world and having had a large addition put on is only forty feet long now! It is very small and low and stands in an old church yard and is a good deal { like *?* } the old church of Bonchurch that we saw yesterday near Shanklin, that was built last in 1040! and John Sterling* is buried in the churchyard

We drove along

[*Page 2*]

all this morning through lovely English lanes with the hedgerows full of sweet briar and honeysuckle* and smaller flowers at the foot of the hedges, and lovely bits of woods and some times we went past park gates and caught glimpses of beautiful country places beyond. We drove at the foot of the cliffs for a good while and at last came out high up on the downs, great open pastures that slope to the sea, with flocks of sheep dotted all about, and the ~~fields~~ greatest quantity of poppies, bright red as they can be and white daisies and such lovely flowers growing in the grass, and larks* going straight up into the

[*Page 3*]

air, singing as only larks can sing. We were close by the sea for eight or ten miles. Oh, more than that I should think we drove more than twenty for we went from Ventnor way over to the Needles.* Exactly the other end of the island, and most of it was on the high cliffs, looking first over the fields and little thatch-roofed villages and gray church towers and then out over the blue sea, all streaked with shadows and colors from the clouds. I think the air never was sweeter, it was sweet as it could be, and full of the fragrance of the

[*Page 4*]

new cut grass, and the honeysuckle and the rest of the flowers. We had a very comfortable

landau* with our boxes fastened on behind, and a nice young fellow to drive, and he and Liza were mounted on the box in great majesty. Now I wish I could tell you about the best of it for I really have seen Tennyson!* We were not sure whether he was here or in Surrey, but Mrs. Fields* said she would certainly see if they were here, for it would not do for her to go by their gates, though

[*Page 5*]

I know she hated to go there ~~after~~ — it would call up too many old associations.* They were at home and were perfectly delighted to see her, giving her a most lovely welcome and they were so nice to me. They wished us to stay, and asked us to come see them later in Surrey. Both Tennyson and his wife are very feeble and seem old and broken. It is a most beautiful house, and while Mrs. Fields and Tennyson walked on further his son

[*Page 6*]

who was very nice took me back to the house and up to ~~his fa~~ Tennyson's study, which of course was most interesting. It is a very great thing to have been there for so few people are received even when Tennyson is well, or when he was younger. I don't think any thing could have given me more satisfaction. I must go to bed. Mrs. Fields has gone and we have to be up early in the morning. You never heard such a lovely (chime?) of bells as on Carisbrooke Church* here.

[*Top left margin of page 1*]

This is heather from the Isle of Wight — from the downs.

Notes

Ventnor: "Ventnor ... is a seaside resort and civil parish established in the Victorian era on the south coast of the Isle of Wight, England." Wikipedia.

St. Lawrence church: Wikipedia says that a 12th-century church in the village of St. Lawrence, near Ventnor, is one of the smallest ever built to be a parish church.

church of Bonchurch ... near Shanklin ... John Sterling: Old St. Boniface Church, Bonchurch, near Ventnor, dates from the 11th century. The village of Shanklin is about four miles north of Bonchurch and Ventnor. Wikipedia.

According to *The Stirlngs of Keir: and their Family Papers* (1858) pp. 163-4 by Sir William Fraser, John Sterling (1806-1844) was a Scottish author. He died at Ventnor and was buried at Bonchurch. See also Wikipedia.

sweet briar and honeysuckle: "*Rosa rubiginosa* [or sweet briar] ...is a species of rose native to Europe and western Asia." "Honeysuckles (*Lonicera ...*) are arching shrubs or twining bines in the family *Caprifoliaceae*, native to the Northern Hemisphere." Wikipedia.

larks: According to Wikipedia, there are several varieties of European larks. It is probable that Jewett refers to skylarks.

the Needles: Wikipedia says: "The Needles is a row of three distinctive stacks of chalk that rise out of the sea off the western extremity of the Isle of Wight, UK, close to Alum Bay. The Needles Lighthouse stands at the outer, western end of the formation."

landau: "A landau is a coach-building term for a type of four-wheeled, convertible carriage.[1] See also Landau (automobile). It was a city carriage of luxury type. The low shell of the landau made for maximum visibility of the occupants and their clothing,..." Wikipedia.

Tennyson: "Alfred Tennyson, 1st Baron Tennyson, FRS (1809-1892) was Poet Laureate of Great Britain and Ireland during much of Queen Victoria's reign and remains one of the most popular British poets." Tennyson's wife was Emily Sarah Sellwood (1813-1896), a composer who set some of his lyrics to music. They had two sons, Hallam and Lionel.

Hallam Tennyson, 2nd Baron Tennyson (1852-1928) became the second Governor-General of Australia and wrote an authorized biography of his father in 1897

The Tennysons maintained two homes: Farringford House in the village of Freshwater, Isle of Wight, and Aldworth House in Haslemere, Surrey. Wikipedia.

Mrs. Fields: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

many old associations: Visiting the Tennysons would be troubling to Fields because she would be reminded of her transAtlantic friendship with Tennyson that began during her marriage to publisher James T. Fields. Jewett has hoped that this travel together in Europe would help Fields to deal with her grief over James's death on 24 April 1881.

Carisbrooke Church: St. Mary's Church (Church of England) in Carisbrooke, new Newport, Isle of Wight, is noted for its bells. The Norman church tower contains a ring of 10 bells, which first were rung in 1777. By 1912, they were no longer usable. Eight were replaced in 1921 and the final two in 2002.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University in Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Mary Rice Jewett 1847-1930, recipient, 40 letters; 1877-1892 & n.d. Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Lundie Bruen*

Salisbury. 26 June

[*1882*]*

My dear Miss Bruen

I am ready to give myself no end of a scolding for not having written to you sooner to thank you for your most kind thought of me in sending the little vinaigrette* which is my constant companion and delight. It is such a pretty thing! and I have not been separated from it yet, though you will be glad to know

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that I was quite independent of it on the voyage over. I need not tell you how much I have enjoyed these first ~~three~~ weeks abroad, and we have really done a great deal — spending ten days in Ireland and then in London, and now we are just on our way from some charming days spent in driving about on the Isle of Wight, to Dawlish* where we are to stay the rest of the week at any rate — if

[*Page 3*]

we like it well enough — I am in a constant state of delight — everything has gone forward in most delightful fashion and every day is better than the one before. We go back to London the 3rd and shall be very busy for a few days longer before we go to the north. I seem to get everything done but my letters, and as for those, I find it hard to get a chance to write home! I usually [state *?*]

[*Page 4*]

the time in London where I came in late in the evening. I began a letter to you, which I could not finish, but I have thought of your kindness and my own apparent ungratefulness ever so many times —

This has been a [*deleted word*] perfect day: the weather was wonderful, and I have been out to see Stonehenge and have wandered through the quaint little streets here, and all about the Cathedral* — Yesterday we [*deleted word*] were at Farringford* which is a delightful thing to remember. It

[*Page 5*]

seems already as if I had spent a whole summer this side the sea.

Mrs. Fields* is so much better than when we came away and so am I for that matter! She sends you her kindest remembrance. Please thank [Miss *or* Mrs *?*] Perkins* for her kind message and give her my love. And believe that I am yours most affectionately

Sarah O. Jewett

Notes

Miss Bruen: This identification is very uncertain. It seems likely that Annie Fields would have been acquainted with the Bostonian Mary Anne Davenport Bruen (1793-1892), the widow the Rev. Mathias Bruen (1793-1829). Mrs. Bruen corresponded with Fields's friend, the British poet, Matthew Arnold. Her daughter is a likely recipient of this letter: Mary Lundie Bruen (1828-1886).

1882: The travel itinerary in this letter matches that of Jewett's 1882 trip to Europe.

vinaigrette: a small ornamental bottle for holding smelling salts,"a pungent substance sniffed as a restorative in cases of faintness or headache, typically consisting of ammonium carbonate mixed with perfume."

Dawlish: A seaside resort town in Devon, in southwest England.

Stonehenge ... Cathedral: Stonehenge is a prehistoric ring of standing stones in Wiltshire, England. Salisbury Cathedral, the Cathedral Church of the Blessed Virgin Mary, is a 13th-century Anglican cathedral.

Farringford: Farringford House was the home of the British poet, Alfred Lord Tennyson (1809-1892).

Mrs. Fields: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

Miss or Mrs Perkins: If Jewett has written "Mrs. Perkins," then it is likely she refers to the presumed recipient's sister, Frances Davenport Bruen Perkins (1825-1909).

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Small Library, University of Virginia, Special Collections MSS 6218, Sarah Orne Jewett Papers.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Caroline Jewett Eastman

Clovelly Devonshire

27 June 1882

Dearest Taddy

[I am in *?*] such a pretty place and I wish you could see it! I sent you some little photographs which give you a faint idea of the height of the cliffs and the steepness of the town in general. We are staying at the New Inn* which is about as old as anything can be, and it is on the main street of the town. You will see the width of the thoroughfare in the pictures but the steepness and crookedness of it are far beyond the power of my pen to describe — It has been very famous since Kingsley wrote Westward Ho!* and I once read a sketch of it that was written for an English magazine and have been dying to see it ever since. Beside, it is on our way to Morwenstow where we are going tomorrow! though we think we may stay here afterward until Saturday or Sunday. We drove over from Bideford today and the hills kept getting higher and higher until we came out on the edge of some splendid

[*Page 2*]

cliffs high above the sea and there was Clovelly way down on the shore like a [lot of *?*] dolls houses that had been spilled over! It looked so little and white and funny, with its little pier running out into the water, and fishing boats like toy boats scattered about. How we ever were going to get down to it I couldn't imagine, but after awhile the driver stopped, and said he couldn't drive down any nearer and an old man appeared and leaned over a railing and looked down at the village and gave a war whoop and we started to walk down a [*deleted word*] ^winding^ pavement of cobblestones, laughing as hard as we could at such a town. After awhile we met two little boys with a donkey, which carried a wooden rack going up for the two little chests. We were much pleased with the New Inn, and we went down and down and down to the water's edge before we had dinner — gossiping with old [fishermen *corrected from* fisherman] and old women —

[*Page 3*]

all the way — Every where they can catch hold the brightest flowers are [*deleted word*] — [growing *corrected*] — the pictures do not give you the least idea of the quaintness and picturesqueness of Clovelly. The windows open like doors as they do in Quebec — and the sills are full of geraniums — Sister loves it! but she is discontented on account of seeing the Red Lion Inn* close by the water's edge at the shore end of the pier — very little Carrie Jewett* and looking very clean. Mrs. Fields* says it is better to be here on account of being half way to the top — and the New Inn is also a marvel of cleanness and obligingness. I wish the cliffs looked higher in the picture but you can see how little the long pier looks and judge something by that.

I have had a perfectly beautiful time all this week. Sunday we drove across the Isle of Wight starting at [*deleted word*] Ventnor* — I had a lovely day that day if ever I did in my life. We

[*Page 4*]

stayed some time at the Tennysons* which was most interesting and delightful in every way. I think it is something well worth remembering to have seen the great poet himself and his son took me up into the study which was a fascinating place — They were all delighted to see M^rs^ Fields and wanted us to stay and to come again to see them in Surrey later on — but I am afraid we cannot — It was such a beautiful day. The larks were singing so and oh Taddy you ought to see the poppies — a perfect blaze of red growing all along the sides of the road in [among *?*] the fields — sometimes there would be blue cornflowers or [*deleted word*] [greenery *?*] and daisies and poppies as thick as [spatters *?*] all together — Monday ^Sunday night^ we spent at Newport near Carisbrooke church and castle* and the [bells *corrected*] there were even sweeter than the Shandon bells* — Monday we were at Salisbury which is a very curious old place a dear old town as ever was! and the cathedral is magnificent — two

[*Page 5*]

thirds as high as Agamenticus* to the top of the spire! but I didn't climb high{er} than the floor of

it! We went to Stonehenge* and those old stones are the most impressive things I ever saw in my whole life — The road to it was over Salisbury plain — a great wide stretch of country that made you think of the sea — and it was growing late in the afternoon and the shadows were growing long though there were not many trees to make shadows. Once in a while there would be a sort of valley with a little village — a few houses and an old [grey *or* gray *corrected*] stone church with some old graves round it — Coming in we went through more villages and passed some beautiful old houses — and the sunset was more splendid than any I have seen for a great while — all the

[*Page 6*]

fields were covered with yellow light and one that was very thick with poppies blazed like a bonfire. Yesterday we came to Exeter, and happened to have to wait for a train so we drove about a little, and were just in time to go to afternoon service at the cathedral. I like the interior of Exeter Cathedral better than Salisbury though the outside and the town itself were not so interesting. You should have seen the little chorister boys go in two by two — any number of them with voices as sweet as blackbirds — (you ought to hear the blackbirds that sing here!) We spent the night at Dawlish but though it is a pretty place I didn't care to stay longer — we are in such a hurry to [*deleted word*] get to this part of Devon. I have hardly room to send my love to you and [hope *corrected*] you are getting better fast. I wonder if you ^will^ be in Boston but please let Cora* read this at any rate — Aren't

[*Up left margin and across the top margin of page 1*]

you and Eva* great spoons though! Sister thinking she would like to have something the matter with her and stay at St. Margarets* — not very much the matter you know! I only wish I had made a business of getting better. Mrs. Fields sends her love — Sister saw a block

[*Up left margin of page 2*]

in the Tower* that heads were chopped off on. She thought you love to

[*Up left margin and across the top margin of page 3*]

know it — Sister sends her hope that your appetite remains as good as her own at the present though she has a good cold though she thinks it may come from so many roses in the hedges

[*Up left margin and across the top margin of page 4*]

and so much hay being down. Give my love to all at home not forgetting [*unrecognized name*] [and *?*] the baby.

Always yours [most lovingly *?*]

S. O. J.

Notes

New Inn: "The New Inn Hotel has welcomed visitors since the 17th century. It lies at the heart of Clovelly, half way down the famous cobbled street. Rebuilt and refurbished over the years, it is decorated in the Arts and Crafts style, and is a popular choice with day visitors and for North Devon holidays and short breaks."

Jewett indicates she included with this letter a photograph of this inn. See page 4 of this volume.

Kingsley ... Westward Ho: British author and clergyman, Charles Kingsley (1819-1875) may be best remembered for *The Water Babies* (1863); *Westward Ho!* (1885) was one of his historical novels.

Red Lion Inn: Now the Red Lion Hotel in Clovelly.

Carrie Jewett: Carrie Jewett Eastman, Theodore's mother. Key to Correspondents.

Mrs. Fields: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

Isle of Wight ... Ventnor: Wikipedia says: "Ventnor ... is a seaside resort and civil parish established in the Victorian era on the south coast of the Isle of Wight, England."

Tennysons: See notes for Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett of 25 June 1882.

Carisbrooke church and castle: The Church of St Nicholas in Castro is the chapel of Carisbrooke Castle on the Isle of Wight. St. Mary's Church (Church of England) in Carisbrooke, new Newport, Isle of Wight, is noted for its bells.

Shandon bells: See Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett of 3 June 1882.

Agamenticus: Mount Agamenticus, east of Jewett's home town, South Berwick, ME and visible from high points in and near the town is

692 feet above sea level. The tower and spire together of Salisbury Cathedral are about 630 feet.

Stonehenge: The town of Salisbury in south central Great Britain is home to the Salisbury Cathedral. Nearby is Stonehenge, which according to Wikipedia is "a prehistoric monument in Wiltshire, England, 2 miles (3 km) west of Amesbury and 8 miles (13 km) north of Salisbury. Stonehenge's ring of standing stones [is] set within earthworks in the middle of the most dense complex of Neolithic and Bronze Age monuments in England, including several hundred burial mounds."

Cora: Cora Clark Rice. Key to Correspondents.

Eva: Eva von Blomberg and Cora Clark Rice. Key to Correspondents.

St. Margaret's: Wikipedia says: "The Church of St Margaret, Westminster Abbey, is situated in the grounds of Westminster Abbey on Parliament Square, and is the Anglican parish church of the House of Commons of the United Kingdom in London."

the Tower: Presumably Jewett refers to the Tower of London. An execution block is on display in the Royal Armories at the Tower.

The manuscript of the letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Eastman, Caroline Augusta (Jewett) 1855-1897, recipient 4 letters; 1882-[1897] & [n.d.]. Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Sarah Orne Jewett correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (253).

Celia Thaxter to Annie Adams Fields

Shoals, 27th June

[*1882*]*

So delighted to get your letter from Dublin & to hear that you had such a nice time with all the quaintnesses of that experience with Lisa's people — what fun! How I wish I had been there! Thank you for writing to me all about it! It is so lovely to have your dear letters! I heard from Mrs Cowden Clarke* yesterday — She was expecting to see you{.}

28th And Mr Whittier came today with Phoebe & two cousins* & oh, but he was charming! I told him all my tale — "Ah," he said, "I knew something beautiful would happen to thee"! And his eyes were wet — The dear sweet soul that he is! What a pleasure it was to talk to him! He could not hear enough — he was so eager for every word — "I am so glad, so glad!" he

[*Page 2*]

kept saying

Evening. And all the long evening he has been here & we have talked again all the evening & he has just gone — O so much of you ^& owlet*^ & with so much affection! Your dear dainty [ears *corrected*] must have burned all that long way off. I have been so happy with it all! I had a dear note from poor Hattie Lowes Dickinson* telling me of her mother's death, poor child — I wonder if you are in London & if you have my letters — Rose* is arriving Saturday — that is almost here — we are going to sit together — I dare say nothing will come. — but W.* told her he could come very near if we sat together in the little room I had fixed; & he danced for joy that she was coming here! Dear J. comes now & then rushing flying

[*Page 3*]

from you for a moment to tell us you are well or whatever (he told us of the [space *or* span *?*] of discomfort you had on the steamer) but never can stop more than a minute, grudging any time taken from you.

I am going to write soon as Rose comes. Mr D.* is coming too. This is only ^a^ word to send you Mr Whittier's love & mine, to you & [owlit *so spelled*] dear.

Your faithful C.

O my garden! ablaze with gold lilies & the first poppy out I put in for owlet!

Notes

1882: This date is confirmed by Thaxter hearing from Fields and Jewett in Ireland, during their 1882 trip to Europe.

Mrs. Cowden Clarke: Mary Victoria (Novello) Cowden Clarke (1809-1898), British author and Shakespeare scholar.

28th ...Mr Whittier ... Phoebe & two cousins: For John Greenleaf Whittier, Key to Correspondents. Joseph Cartland (1810-1898) and Whittier's cousin Gertrude Cartland (1822-1911) accompanied Whittier on his summer vacations, and Whittier lived in their home at Newburyport, Massachusetts most of his last fifteen winters.

Phebe Woodman (1869-1953) was the adopted daughter of Whittier's cousin Abby Johnson Woodman (1828-1921). See *Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier* v. 1, p. 337.

Beginning with "28th" Thaxter changes to darker ink.

Owlet: Thaxter is using intimate nicknames shared among Jewett, Fields and herself. Owl/Owlet and Pinny are Jewett; Flower is Fields; Sandpiper is Thaxter. Key to Correspondents.

Hattie Lowes Dickinson: Probably Hester Fanny Dickinson (1865-1954), daughter of Lowes Cato Dickinson (1819-1908), British portrait painter and Christian socialist, founder of the Working Men's College of London. He married Margaret Ellen Williams (1824-1882).

Rose: Rose Lamb. Key to Correspondents.

When Thaxter says they will "sit together," she means that they will attempt to contact spirits of the dead. She goes on to recount Lamb's report that in recent "sittings" she has heard from "W." who is probably American artist William Morris Hunt (1824-1879) and J. who is James T. Fields, Fields's deceased husband.

Thaxter seems to say that she and Lamb will make this attempt without the aid of a spirit medium. In Thaxter's letters to Fields of May 1882, she reports the results of sittings in Boston with the medium, Jennie Potter, where both Hunt and Mr. Fields communicate "from beyond."

Mr D.: Robert Kendall Darrah (1818- c. December 1885), whom Annie Fields memorialized in an obituary. During May 1882, Mr. Darrah and Rose Lamb regularly joined Thaxter at sittings.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Boston Public Library, Rare Books Department, Celia Thaxter correspondence with Annie Fields, 1869-1893, MS C.1.38 Box 2 Folder 2 (174-190).

Annie Adams Fields to John Greenleaf Whittier

June 28th 1882. Clovelly. North Devon.*

England.

My dear friend

I think you know this place a little and love it a good deal if I do not mistake through Charles Kingsley and for Sir Richard Grenville's* sake and that of his men in the "little Revenge." We left London tired of its noise and engagements, to pass Sunday in the Isle of Wight and afterward to find our way here if possible. The weather cleared just in time for us to see and feel summer for the first moment really on Tennyson's ground and it seemed quite worth waiting for, that day was so perfect in its beauty. The English sky seldom quite clear was painted and fretted with clouds ^as^ when they "are highest up in the air."* Roses and honeysuckles were over running the hedges, the poppies were blazing among the wheat, the larks were singing and the sea was shining through a soft silvery haze below the cliffs. There was no wind but yet the day was cool and as we walked up the avenue towards Farringford the whole world around us seemed

[*2*]

smitten with an enchanted silence{.} The dog at the house door lay perfectly still as we passed him and we heard no voices. Presently however we were met by a most kind and warm greeting from Mr and Mrs Tennyson. She was lying on the couch in their beautiful drawing room just as I left her so many years ago, pale and unable to sit up long, but looking out upon the lawn under the boughs of the Cedar of Lebanon which stands just outside the broad window of that room. She looks older of course but all the charm remains and the "tender grace".* She might be one of the ladies at Almesbury,* perhaps the lady abbess herself! Who knows! Her son Hallam, now grown a man was with her and a sister of Mr Tennyson, also her niece. We sat and talked for a while before he came in but presently his massive figure, somewhat shrunken and ^moving^ with heavy feet appeared within the door. He stood and looked to see which was the person he was to speak to

[*3*]

(2

and at last slowly, but with sincere feeling found me out and greeted me. He pressed us warmly to stay, or if we could not do that, to return; but we had made up our minds to do neither — then he said "Have ye come this way on purpose for this?" Yes, I said. {"}I could not pass your door, remembering your old hospitality." He said, he had been very ill for the first time in his life with the gout. He had expected it long ago for his father and grandfather before him both had it but he had been spared and now he was

seventy=three — no, no seventy=two said his wife { — } you are fond of making yourself older than you are — "How old was poor Longfellow"* he asked, and returning to the subject after a while he ~~asked~~ ^said^ [*deletion*] {"} What was the matter with Longfellow — what killed him — "Two years ago I thought of going to America. I want to see Niagara — but someone said they would make a great fuss over me. I thought I could grow a beard and I had written to the authorities in Canada secretly to take care of me but there was no room on the steamer after all and so it was given up. I think I shall not go now.

He carried us out to see the place, the beautiful trees and the lawn {.}

[*4*]

They were having a second spring he said — for a tempest in May had stripped the trees of their young foliage and made winter return for a time — He carried us to a point where an opening in the foliage gave space to see the distant cliffs and shore and sea — It was like a dream of Italy. Unfortunately the Isle of Wight is now like a [lone *?*] watering place in summer { — } therefore before long they go to Surrey, where he is not so often interrupted — "The worst of it is they send me so much poetry" he said — "It averages a line a minute," more than five lines a minute for the waking hours!" He said he was still writing and he had evidently left his desk to come to us.

In telling you these little things I feel I have left out much of the meat of the matter which somehow will not be put into words but I am sure you will forgive this in the hurry of hotel scribbling. — It was such an unspeakable pleasure to me to find myself with the friends we both so truly admired and loved, to find my dear one* tenderly remembered and whom to see with all the loss and fading that there is no real change. I [loved *?*] to feel that I

[*5*]

(3

was making the hope of our reunion [more permanent *?*] — that inasmuch as we have cared [for *corrected*] each other sincerely here the hope is greatened of our meeting elsewhere. It was for this that I went to see them, that I might cement for all of us this old friendship.

After leaving Farringford we drove to Alum Bay as it is called, a wonderful place at the end of the island whither we walked with Tennyson years ago. The white chalk cliffs here slope down abruptly from the green [downs *?*] to the sea, and the red and green sand and stones and black flints make brilliant and lovely contrasts of colour. The red and white cliffs stand side by side making extraordinary effects. There we lay down on the vast lovely green downs and talked of — everything! As sunset came on we heard the bells of Carisbrooke Castle and the tone of its chiming clock in the tower reached us at intervals through the night —

The next day we left the enchanted island altogether for Devon and Cornwall — dear Sarah* wishes very much to tell you herself of our visit yesterday to [Morwenstowe *so spelled*], the home of the old vicar, but she is tired today and I am not sure if she will be able — If not, I will [tell you *?*] presently —

[6]

I find she can only send her love through me today although she is wonderfully better than when we left home{.} She looks rounder and fuller and suffers less from attacks of pain, but the drive to Morwenstow yesterday was a fatiguing one added to all we have been doing & it is not surprising that she should be a little tired today —

I did not know or had forgotten, until we came that the father of Charles Kingsley was was rector of the village church at Clovelly and that the boy if not born here lived in this place during "his early years." Yesterday in the soft morning sunshine we walked half a mile, climbing up out of the cleft in which Clovelly [rests *corrected*] into the road overshadowed by fine trees into the churchyard. There we found the old sexton who was here when Kingsley's father was rector. He is quite a carpenter and had restored part of the old woodwork here. His talent was apparently discovered also by the Vicar of Morwenstow (whom he remembered well) for he had made some [*deletion*] seats after old [forms *corrected*] and restored others in the Morwentstow church at his request — We sat a long while in the [*deletion*] churchyard and looking through the Norman archway of the church and up to the tower which is supposed have seen eight or ten centuries of time flow on — Kingsley was everywhere in our minds — not less in the quaint streets, among the beautiful children and the old fisherman than in the church — I enclose some photographs which I hope may give you an idea of the life here — No carriages can come into the village but donkeys

clatter up and own, or children carry the smaller packages of goods —

It was a lovely afternoon when we left for Morwenstow climbing up ^to^ the top of the cliff to find there a small basket=carriage, drawn by a mule the size of a donkey and a charioteer just out of school, John Oak, by name as sole guide and advisor. The carriage was so small that we continually counselled John Oak not to belabour him as seemed his wont but to let him go on quietly. The resulted was that the afternoon flowed on too, finding us among the hedges or coming out into beautiful uplands

[7]

(4

mile after mile and still on again until nearly six o-clock when suddenly turning sharply toward the sea we saw just before us the noble cleft between two hills and the Norman church tower looking grey and silent out towards the quiet summer sea. We were soon out of the [carrige *for* carriage] and over the stile into the churchyard — on one hand we passed the ancient cross brought by the vicar from Boscastle you may remember in memory of his wife, and on the other a strange figurehead of one of the vessels cast ashore here in his life — a gay dancing figure quite out of keeping with the grey monuments surrounding it, which the present sexton told us with great pride he had just painted and set up as it should be !! whereas it was manifestly just as it should not be, being thrown back instead of forward and [painted *corrected*] a staring white. Surrounding it was the crowd of nameless barrows containing some of the many bodies placed here by the old vicar, but alas! we looked everywhere for some [record*?*] of himself! There is none either inside or out of the old place. Here are the stones he uncovered, the legends he revived, the vicarage which he placed so beautifully and rebuilt but there is no record to be seen that such a man ever lived and loved the place —

We saw the present vicar by chance. He has given a good deal of money to build new roofs over the old arches, but he evidently cherishes no love for the former incumbent. After parting with him we went to a farmhouse hard by to ask for some refreshment. The people there had known the old vicar and loved him. They treasured some books and [scraps *?*] of writing which were his, but the father of the family was dead and you felt the vicar's memory was fading away from this place which he had made an inspiration to others { — } who had read his books and understood the

[8]

spirit which moved him to give all that he had for others —

We were very glad to have made a pilgrimage there and I brought away some ivy leaves, as dear Sarah did also, to send you.

I cannot tell you what an awe rested upon the place as we turned away — The church ^tower^ looks solemnly out towards the sea with a ruined wall which was once thick enough for a fortification upon the seaward side overgrown with ivy and flowers. Just below it [lies *corrected*] the vicarage, with one end also looking to the sea, but with the exception of the farmhouse I have spoken of there is no house to be seen for a long distance — nothing to break the silence.

It was very strange to find earth and sea ignoring all human records, surely wiping them out, fast or slow, while the spirit endured and haunts the place with a perfect love as of old.

Good bye, dear friend. I wish I could tell you what a comfort little Sarah is to me every day or what happiness we take in thinking of you and keeping you near to our hearts.

Ever yours

Annie Fields.

Notes

Devon: In the upper right corner of a few pages, in another hand, the date is repeated, presumably to help order the pages in a collection of letters.

Kingsley ... Grenville: British author and clergyman, Charles Kingsley (1819-1875) may be best remembered for *The Water Babies* (1863). Wikipedia.

Sir Richard Grenville (1642-1591) was a British privateer and explorer. He died in the battle of Flores, against the Spanish fleet, aboard his ship, *The Revenge*.

Tennyson's ground: See Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett of 25 June 1882.

"are highest up in the air": This is the second line of Tennyson's poem, "Lady Clare."

"tender grace": This phrase appears at the end of Tennyson's "Break, Break, Break": "But the

tender grace of a day that is dead / Will never come back to me."

Almesbury: The Abbey of Almsbury appears in Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, as Queen Guinivere's refuge after the death of King Arthur.

Longfellow: American poet and scholar Henry Wadsworth Longfellow died 24 March 1882. Key to Correspondents. Wikipedia says that he died of peritonitis.

In this part of the letter, Fields seems to have lost track of her quotation marks. I have presented the text as it appears, adding some quotation marks, hoping to improve clarity.

dear one: Fields's recently deceased husband, James T. Fields. See Fields in Key to Correspondents.

Sarah: Sarah Orne Jewett. Key to Correspondents.

Morwenstowe: Wikipedia says: "Morwenstow is the most northerly parish in Cornwall…. Morwenstow is the one-time home of the eccentric vicar and poet Robert Stephen Hawker (1803-1875), the writer of Cornwall's anthem Trelawny."

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. Pickard-Whittier papers: MS Am 1844. Box 2, Item 122. Fields, Annie (Adams) 1834-1915. 61 letters; 1873-1892.

John Greenleaf Whittier to Annie Adams Fields

Isles of Shoals

6th Mo, 30, 1882

My dear friend

Celia Thaxter* is writing thee, and offers to enclose a note of [mine *corrected*]. I was very glad to hear from you, in the Green Island, and while you were waiting at your uncomfortable hotel at Enniskillen,* for 'Lisa to conduct you to her old house. Mrs T. has just read me thy letter telling of your delightful visit and story-telling by the peat-fire, and the donkey ride of Sarah Jewett.* I hope to hear her account of it. I wish I could have had your glimpses of the

[*Page 2*]

Round towers, as they loomed before you through the veil of rain. I have often wondered about those towers, but not supposed that they are of [Phenician *so written*] origin; and connected in some way with the old Pagan worship of Baal!* I am spending two or three days here;* the weather is fine, and the island is green & flower sprinkled. I cannot tell thee how interested I have been in Celia's accounts of the wonderful spiritual [intimacies *or* intimations *?*]. We have had long talks on the subject. She is very happy in the full belief that

[*Page 3*]

dear hands of love have reached out to her from "the abode where the immortals are."*

I wish thee and dear Sarah could have been with us at Mrs Stowe' birth-day oration.* It was a great gathering and Mrs Stowe [bore *?*] herself very quietly & modestly. Mrs Claflin* did her part, as might be expected, admirably.

Celia Thaxter has written two songs which I am sure thee would like. She has done nothing sweeter than these singing lines.

I suppose you are now in England or Scotland{.} The troubles of Ireland must

[*Page 4*]

have made the beautiful island ^seem^ almost a cruel mockery of the misery of its people: what can be done* to make them better?

I am glad to hear of our dear Sarah Jewett's health & hearty enjoyment of all she sees. Give my love to her, and believe me ever & truly thy affectionate friend.

_____ John G. Whittier

My cousins are here, with Phebe* and some Amesbury friends. Phebe is enjoying herself so heartily that it is a real pleasure to see & hear her. She is busy sailing and rowing,* and it all seems like a new world to her.

[*Up the left margin of page 1*]

Mrs Child's Letters* and my biographical introduction have gone to the printers.

[*Up the left margin of page 4*]

Tell Sarah Jewett that her paper in the Atlantic* is excellent { — } nothing truer, finer than her bereaved old woman sitting by ^the^ gravestone of her lover whose body had slept for years in the sea.

Notes

Celia Thaxter: Key to Correspondents.

Enniskillen: In the left margin, next to the name of this northern Irish town, appears an X, probably not in Whittier's hand.

Sarah Jewett: Key to Correspondents.

Baal: The exclamation point after this word is somewhat ambiguous. Whittier may have intended a question mark.

The notion that the round towers of Ireland were pre-Christian is no longer accepted; rather they are bell towers of medieval Christian origin.

days here: In the left margin next to this line appears an X. At the end of this sentence, the word "sprinkled" is partly underlined. Probably neither mark was made by Whittier.

the immortals are: In this phrase, "the" is underlined, probably not by Whittier.

Whittier quotes from British Romantic poet Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822), from his ode on the death of fellow poet, John Keats, "Adonais." However, Whittier quotes the apparently altered final line of the poem. Shelley wrote:

> The soul of Adonais, like a star,
> Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

The version Whittier presents may have originated in an essay on Alfred Lord Tennyson by Richard Hazlitt in *A New Spirit of the Age* (1844) v. 1. p. 195, where the final lines are given:

> The soul of Adonais, like a star,
> Beacons from the abode where the immortals are.

Mrs Stowe' birth-day oration: In the left margin next to this line appears an X, probably not by Whittier. In 1882, American author Harriet Beecher Stowe celebrated her 71st birthday, which actually fell on 1 July.

The garden party reception to celebrate her birthday was held in June 1882 at the home of former Massachusetts Governor William Claflin. This was Stowe's last public appearance. See Ruth B. MacArthur, *The Story of Harriet Beecher Stowe* (1922), p. 52 and a report in the August 1882 *Atlantic Monthly*. As several people gave speeches and presentations, it is not clear whether Whittier intends to single out just one orator. Main speakers included publisher Henry Houghton and Stowe herself, as well as her brother, the well-known clergyman, Henry Ward Beecher.

For Stowe, Claflin, and Houghton, Key to Correspondents.

can be done: It is not clear whether Whittier himself underlined "can."

cousins ... Phebe: Phebe Woodman (1869-1953), adopted daughter of Whittier's cousin Abby Johnson Woodman (1828-1921).

rowing: After this word, Whittier changes from pen to pencil for the rest of the letter.

Mrs Child's Letters: Whittier refers to his partnering with others to produce *Letters of Lydia Maria Child* (1883). Lydia Maria Francis Child (1802-1880) was an American abolitionist, civil rights activist, novelist, and journalist.

her paper in the Atlantic: Whittier refers to Jewett's "The Mate of the Daylight," which appeared in *Atlantic* in July 1882.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields collection: mss FI 71-4804.